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ARCHITECTURE

JAMES LEES-MILNE and DAVID FORD

Images of Bath
389pp, including 1,200 black-and-white illustrations and 8 pages in colour.
Saint Helena Press, 1 Saint Helena Terrace, Richmond, Surrey TW9 1NR. £95.

Bath and the print long enjoyed a special relationship. Copper engravings shadowed forth the growth of the classical city; aquatints came in at its high noon; and, to mark its decline, lithography arrived along with the railways and evangelism. The very land forms are pictorially composed, the contours are cooperative (for every dizzy descent a happily placed belvedere), the somewhat sluggish Avon is easy to conceal. Pale oolitic stone absorbs the light, instead of reflecting it. The Georgian resort was just small enough to fit into a general panorama, taken most often from the south - even before the terraces climbing Lansdown provided a perfect backdrop. And then the death of medieval churches left the Abbey as a single dominant feature, everywhere else a jumbled skyline induced mere bird's-eye views; in Bath you could always find a prospect.

Small wonder that the town and the topographic print got along so well together. Sublimity there was none: but the picturesque lay all around. "Infinity," said Uvedale Price, "is one of the most efficient causes of the sublime; the boundless ocean, for that reason, inspires awful sensations: to give it picturesqueness you must destroy that cause of its sublimity; for it is on the shape and disposition of its boundaries that the picturesque in great measure must depend." No need in Bath to destroy any boundaries: there never was a less infinite environment. The main streets even today intersect one another at neurotically short intervals, and higher up the crescents loop back on themselves as though fearful of reaching somewhere else. There used to be a Lilliput Alley, which according to the historian R. E. M. Peach (himself a great print-seller) was only ten feet wide. Ralph Allen built his town-house there, but on its cramped site it was smothered by tenements. The hills crowd in on every side: Bristol is far beyond the horizon, London is another country. It often rains, but gently, as though not from a great height. The sun is close and intimate, and appears to have been provided by the same props department as everything else.

But the people? As James Lees-Milne points out in his agreeable introductory narrative to *Images of Bath*, "visitors from distant places did not flock to Bath as pilgrims but as patients." One should add that it is visitors who figure, unobtrusively, in the prints: they, after all, were the customers for this product. The indigenous population, who were bawled up blinking into unexpected light by R. S. Neale's recent social history of the town, have been excused duty for the present work. In any case, the status of patient was the most dignified that Bath could afford: nowhere else was body language so resolutely conjugated in verbs of lying and limping. William Beckford called it "this paradise of idlers and cossetes," and made his own contribution to its funeral cosset.

Most of the ailments which were supposed to be treated in Bath had a reassuringly high tone, with few of those unpleasant scorbatic complaints in full view. The success rate for authentic cures cannot have been high, but it was something at least to feel virtuous about short breath (which the slopes cruelly exposed) and to die an accredited Bath case. Let it suffice, says Lermontov, that the disease has been identified - but God knows how to heal it!

All these aspects of the city can be traced in the gallery of 1,022 items assembled by David Ford - a further 114 prints in a catalogue but not reproduced. The catalogue is meticulously thorough in all essential

matters: not all states are recorded, but for 90 per cent of users that would be an unnecessary refinement. There are good indexes, a bibliography, biographic details on local publishers and print-makers, and two functional maps to locate the places depicted. Gallery and catalogue are organized by subject, starting with the Abbey and moving through general views to features such as bridges, hotels, baths, residential areas, churches and chapels. Eight pages of colour plates are supplemented by 1,200 monochrome illustrations. Whatever may come to light in terms of additions and minor corrections, this is assuredly the most comprehensive and coherent

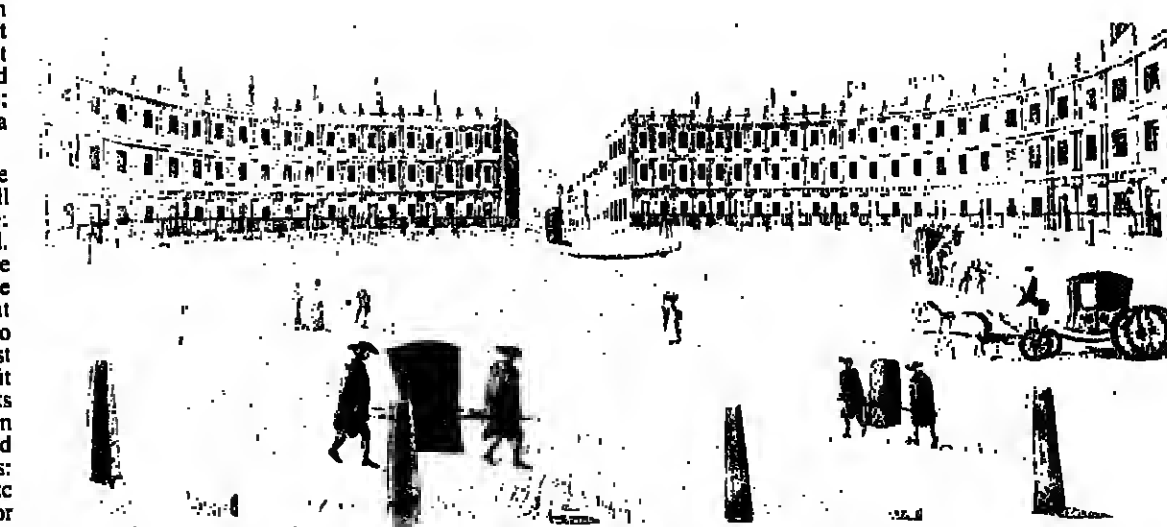
engravers, even when gifted (and that is not always the case), take second place to the subject-matter. John Robert Cozens produced a set of views, sold as etchings in the 1770s, of which the best known is probably his depiction of the Circus. It is still treeless, the cobbled expanse looks impenitently vacant (the houses are what matter), whilst coaches and chairmen wander across in oblique paths, blessedly untroubled by carriage-ways or the rule of the road. The architecture is stable and finite: locomotion is haphazard and directionless. Elsewhere Cozens seems oppressed by the need for literal fidelity, and the city fails to unlock his

compositions around buildings (regardless of the distractions of other scenery, clouds, people), and could observe the true Bath sense of perspective. This last comes out clearly in Malton's view of the Guildhall, published as an aquatint in 1779. A low angle of vision ensures that the monumental stone walls dominate, while petty human beings on the street try to look as though they have something to do. The building fabric is emphatically suggested, the fabric of clothes handled without interest. In Nattes's print of the Assembly Rooms (1805), with billiards proclaimed as the main attraction, a few splashes of colour are confined to the dress of

design. By contrast, twenty-five years later, Nattes shows the Avon in the foreground, and by putting the weir into strong focus he suggests a tidal flood. Rustic appurtenances lend an almost stuffy air to the symmetries of the bridge. It is very different from all that civilized grandeur in the Royal Crescent, as seen in Malton's view from the late 1770s. A shadow slashes diagonally into the sweep of masonry, a faint scimitar shape marking its progress towards the very centre of the Crescent - thus the ellipse of the building line is transferred to the pattern of light and shade within the print itself. The usual superfluous men and women pose in the foreground; a child is whipping a top with implausible decorum. Half the surface area is sky, and yet there is no hint of the illuminable. But then a child in Bath is an intruder, and to open a vista into transcendental cloudscape would be to set the foundations of the city tottering.

James Lees-Milne has a hard task in providing a narrative to go with the sumptuous items which follow. He is not writing a straight architectural history; in many respects, this could only paraphrase Walter Isaacson's study, *The Georgian Buildings of Bath* (1948, reprinted 1969). He is not engaged in cultural history as such, although some good anecdotes are allowed to creep past the censor. Several concern Beckford, about whom Lees-Milne has written before, and whose tower high on Lansdown became the subject of several prints - none quite conveying its stately dullness. Beckford was among the most interesting human beings to have resided in Bath, but he was never really a Bath man, with his fantasies and his yearnings for the empire. Another licence Lees-Milne permits himself is mischievously to include poor Isaac Pitman among the entertainments (the Phonetic Institute is one of the latest scenes depicted). There is happily room for a quotation from the press in 1791 which announces the death in Bath of Bamber Gascoigne, Esq., "of a total decay". *Absit omen*.

It is not easy to find faults worth reamaking in a book which has been assembled with learning and assiduous care. The first paragraph of the introductory narrative repeats a blunder found in several sources: Lees-Milne tells the story of Bladud and the swine, with an attribution to the *Historia Regum Britanniae*. In fact there are two myths of origin concerning Bladud, and Geoffrey of Monmouth conspicuously omits the story about swine and leprosy (which was not to surface for centuries to come). The passage occurs in the *Historia*, II, x (or II, ix in the "variant" text edited by Hammer). Fanny Burney was buried in the same grave as her husband, while there are no serious grounds for regarding Philip Basset as the original of Squire Western. Dr Richard Pococke was not "successively Bishop of Meath and Ossory", but the other way round. For the rest, my only regret is that some features of Bath architectural history are, it appears, poorly represented in print. There is nothing to show the fine facade of the prison erected by Thomas Atwood in 1773, a Palladian box set on top of a Banhamite penitentiary - but perhaps that would have been too much to expect. There is no view of Lady Huntingdon's chapel and manse in Vineyard, whose fol-de-rols earned the approval of Horace Walpole in 1766. The chapel is very neat, with true Gothic windows (yet I am not cooverlaid), but I was glad to see that luxury is creeping in upon them before persecution. For that matter, the fashionable Anglican equivalent, the Octagon Chapel, makes an almost equally poor showing. But these and like omissions are the fault not of the compilers, but of the Georgian print-makers - ultimately, could be said, of the public. Prints were not so much picture-postcards or credit-cards: they were meant to flatter the visitor to Bath, and to make him feel that organized loafing in picturesque surroundings is good for the soul as well as the body. You can doubt the truth of this proposition, but you cannot deny the strong hold on the English psyche for a century and more.



"The Circus", 1773; an etching, one of a set of eight views of Bath by J. R. Cozens, reproduced from the book reviewed here.

record of the visual history of Bath, in its creative period, which has never been assembled.

Perhaps it would be more accurate to qualify that by adding "between covers", in order to take account of an associated enterprise. At Festival time, from May 21 to June 19, an exhibition was staged on the same theme as the book at the Victoria Gallery in Bath. Some 200 items from the all series were chosen for display, and although the quality of reproduction in the book is generally good, the prints made a different sort of point when hung in (apparently to Bath) close horizontal alignment - along with much else in the city, the Victoria Gallery is a little poky for its ambitions and its potential. But with both book and exhibition, one comes away impressed with the scholarship and taste of the contrivers, quite apart from the range of materials now laid before us.

It is right that the arrangement should be topical, for the artists and

highest powers: as a draughtsman of the *fell* he encounters the certainty of Bath with a timidity which cramps his line. The Cruikshanks are also present, but as one would expect here graphic satire prevails over topographic illusion. Robert Cruikshank has a pleasant scene of "The Fancy Ball" at the Assembly Rooms, with masqueraders done out as kings and queens, harlequins and clowns: a ghostly orchestra, lightly sketched, are tooting away at chandelier level from their circular niche beneath the cornice. But it could as well be the Haymarket in London.

For the most part less distinguished artists, and even totally anonymous figures, were responsible for the design of prints. There are two important exceptions, Thomas Malton junior and John Claude Nattes. Both were able to attune their techniques to the needs of the form and of their public. That is, they could work happily in a subdued colour-range, could frame their

bystanders walking in the sunlight. But again it is the deeply shadowed stone of the rooms which occupies the central space and controls the composition. One of Malton's finest works, the scene of South Parade, equally manages to convey a sense of graceful inutility in the sauntering company. There is sky, there are trees, there are even dogs - but it is the sharply receding terrace by John Wood which gives shape to the picture. (As often, the print seems to have transposed left and right as they would be in the original water-colour.)

Malton is visibly a generation earlier than Nattes in his outlook and preferred subjects. When Malton depicted Adam's gorgeous Pulteney Bridge, then new, he introduced only a little of the countryside beyond Bathwick which surrounded the bridge. The hills peep out apologetically, content to be upstaged by the saucer-domed pavilions which Adam stationed at the flanks of his

A Paradigm

Here, mother, are a few words of love, meant for Christmas and unfinished. But mother, I mean to give you love, a window in you in which I see myself younger than I thought. In this love's face, I, who love, seeing none

but mine? Rather, a crooked tree, its wood sawn from another's limb, propped by so engine's metal shaft, of the intricate machinery of steam.

What use have I for the figure, its indices, the closed dot on its open page? A Kennedy's Latin Primer held shut in his hand, the rosy cheeks recited a paradigm

the tongue charished with ruthless Latin.

Jon Silkin

Handwritten note in a box: "The Circus" 1773

On utilitarian grounds

Brian Barry

J. E. HARE and CAREY B. JOYNT
Ethics and International Affairs
208pp. Macmillan. £17.50.
0 33 27853 4

"In the judgement of the present writers, the consequences are probably better of having the rules more or less as they are". That sentence, with its intricate syntax, its rambling qualifications, and its complacent conclusion, typifies *Ethics and International Affairs*. The context happened to be "the rules defining *ius in bello*" but it could equally have been almost any other topic tumbled on in this short but turgid book. What is especially remarkable is that the authors profess to be followers of R. M. Hare, a utilitarian. How could someone committed to maximizing the satisfaction of human desires be so complacent when millions in poor countries suffer preventable starvation and disease and when weapons of mass destruction threaten to annihilate the entire human race? The book is a study in the failure of utilitarianism to provide a moral basis for the actions of the northern hemisphere and perhaps to end human life on the planet? Mainly by simply not considering radical departures from the status quo. Myopia and lack of imagination are, as Orwell observed, the safest routes to conservatism in a situation where conservatism is intellectually untenable.

A serious and systematic treatment of international issues from a utilitarian standpoint would be a very valuable addition to the philosophical literature in international relations. In the past few years there have been excellent books drawing their intellectual sustenance from John Rawls's theory of justice (Charles Beitz's *Political Philosophy and International Relations*), from the concept of universal human rights (Henry Shue's *Basic Rights*) and from the tradition of Christian and Jewish casuistry (Michael Walzer's *Just and Unjust Wars*). A strong book deriving its conclusions from utilitarian premises would nicely complement those I have listed, but this restatement of the American conventional wisdom is not it. The product of collaboration between a senior international relations specialist (Carey B. Joynt) and a junior philosopher (J. E. Hare), its substantive chapters are less a systematic deployment of utilitarian ethics than a rather woolly international relations text with sundry "moral" ruminations.

It begins with a tautology—the children exposition of R. M. Hare's moral theory. A good deal of space is devoted to universalizability—that if it is right for me to do something, it would be right for you to do the same thing in identical circumstances—but then the ostensibly crucial move that is required to get from there to utilitarianism goes by almost as if it were not a new point at all. This is the idea that morality is universalized *prudence*, and it is no way follows from the idea that morality

must be capable of universalization. Hare, in *Moral Thinking: Its Levels, Method and Point*, gives us an argument for this move, albeit a flimsy one, but in this book it is simply asserted as an aside on page 3.

Following a weak discussion of the by now well-worn question of "realism" in international relations, we get to the chapter on "Ethics and War" whose muddled conclusion about *ius in bello* I have already quoted. The bitty and superficial discussion here represents a major missed opportunity, since much of the "just war" tradition turns on the distinction between combatants and non-combatants, and this for a utilitarian is not in itself a morally significant distinction. The objection to even bombing and *a fortiori* nuclear weapons is that they kill people, not that they kill civilians. That the slaughter in the trenches in the First World War was relatively all right because it almost entirely involved soldiers is an implication of the distinction that a utilitarian should be able to make for him.

The next chapter ("Three Hard Choices") illustrates, if one compares it with Walzer's brilliant use of concrete examples in *Just and Unjust Wars*, that it is not enough simply to tell a story interlarded with moral judgments. First, you have to know what point in your moral theory the example is to illuminate; second, the theory should dictate what facts are to count as relevant; and, third, the discussion should be structured so as to show in detail how the theory works and how it would have worked differently if the facts had been different. None of these desiderata is met by the discussion here of (1) the return of Russian prisoners-of-war to the Soviet Union in 1945, (2) Truman's decision to drop the atomic bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and (3)—an odd two-page tiddler—Chamberlain and appeasement.

Not only do the discussions fail to deploy utilitarian reasoning in a systematic way, they consistently judge one of the central issues in utilitarian morality. Because the criterion of the rightness or wrongness of an act is its goodness or badness of its consequences, an act may seem right at the time on the basis of the information available to the agent, and thus be praiseworthy to perform, but turn out in the event to have been the wrong thing to do. Since, in the three cases taken up by the authors, we now have much more information than was available to those whose decisions are analysed, it is essential to distinguish carefully between the best estimates available to the actors and the best estimates we can make now. This the authors fail to do.

The next chapter is about nuclear deterrence and is concerned mainly with this question: if deterrence fails and one side is hit by a first strike, it is obviously contrary to utilitarian (and just about any other) morality to launch a second strike, since all that will do is gratuitously kill a lot of other people on the other side. (The

standard utilitarian argument that deterrent threats should be carried out even when they have failed to deter in order to make the threat more plausible in future seems grotesquely out of place when, first, we are talking about killing millions of people and, second, conditions afterwards would be so unimaginably different that no straightforward "lesson" would be available to the survivors.) The obvious problem that this presents is, however, that deterrence then collapses if the other side believes your side will act in accordance with the requirements of morality.

In practice this is clearly a non-problem, since nobody could be certain what the response to a first strike would actually be. The authors fumble their way to this conclusion but with unnecessary difficulty. They vastly underestimate the likelihood that control and communications would fail in the aftermath of a nuclear attack. A single American submarine commander has enough independently targetable missiles to destroy all the major Soviet population centres. How sure can anyone be that not one would order a launch after determining that most of the US had been destroyed?

The chapter on "Arms Control and Disarmament" is the most inadequate. Given the immense destructiveness of nuclear weapons, a utilitarian—or, I would think, any decent human being—should concentrate above all on how to

minimize the probability of their being used. Of course, other effects of alternative policies (eg, changes in political control) would also be relevant, but each should be compared seriously in value with the results of nuclear war and assigned, as far as one can, a probability of occurrence. The whole range of alternatives, from attempting to achieve a "safe" first strike capability, through numerical superiority, parity, minimal nuclear deterrence (scrap everything except a few submarines), nuclear disarmament, and both nuclear and conventional disarmament, should be dispassionately canvassed.

An excellent start has been made recently by Douglas Lackey ("Missiles and Morals: A Utilitarian Look at Nuclear Deterrence", *Philosophy and Public Affairs*, Summer 1982). Lackey compares three possible American policies for nuclear weapons—superiority, equivalence and unilateral disarmament—and argues compellingly that, on any reasonable computation of probabilities and of the gravity of alternative outcomes, unilateral nuclear disarmament is both the prudent and (even more clearly) the moral choice. In contrast, our authors never stray far outside the narrow terms of debate set by the Carter arms-control establishment and the Reagan viewers-with-alarm.

The final chapter, "World Order", continues the military outmoded. There is much more interest in discovering how the Germans were able to be so successful in the post-war period, and why the British could not emulate them. It is the "Britischer Sonderweg" which now needs investigation.

Certainly Balfour does point out that some of the more important reasons for German success were inherited from pre-war times. By the second half of the nineteenth century the Germans already possessed a system of public education superior to that of Britain. They have continued to invest in their schools and universities. Vocational training has always been given high priority, and has enabled Germans to exploit economic opportunities whilst the British have wallowed in their wake. A skilled labour force has been one major advantage enjoyed by German industry throughout the century. Another has been its access to capital. Germany is not saddled with the City of London. Money earned in the German economy is far more likely to be reinvested in productive capacity than would be the case in Britain. Between 1870 and 1913 Britain devoted 11 per cent of GNP to investment against a German average which rose from 13.5 per cent to 16 per cent. More important was the fact that 39 per cent of British investment went abroad, whereas in Germany it was only 11 per cent. Jobs and production stayed at home; goods were exported. This did not end in 1914. In the Federal Republic overseas investment remained at a comparatively low level whereas investment in domestic industry was consistently high by comparison with Britain.

There are, of course, other reasons for German success which relate to the particular conditions of the post-war world. Unencumbered by nationalist claptrap or other ideological baggage, the mass of the German population was allowed to apply its natural common sense to the problems it faced. The worst years were those immediately following defeat, and the Allied occupation authorities conveniently took responsibility for them. When German politicians once more stepped into the limelight conditions were beginning to improve, and the country's new democracy took the credit. Balfour is particularly good in his assessment of the so-called economic "miracle" after the currency reform in 1948. He points out that West Germany had many natural advantages: a surplus of labour—much of it skilled—eager to get back to work; factories whose productive capacity had been inflated during the war and which had not been nearly so comprehensively destroyed as is often

supposed; the loss of economically burdensome Eastern provinces and the willingness of the Americans to finance German recovery. Add to this a financially weak trade-union movement, chastened by its experience of the Third Reich, and reorganized along lines which inhibited demarcation disputes, and it will be seen that the Germans were well placed to exploit the opportunities offered by the post-war boom.

None the less, Ludwig Erhard's determination to allow market forces to have greater play in Germany than ever before was also an important stimulus to the economy, and Balfour gives him credit for it. He was the right man in the right place, as was Konrad Adenauer. By firmly opting for a government coalition which excluded the Social Democrats in 1949, *der Adenauer* was able to establish a strong, politically conservative regime in Germany which absorbed many of the potential enemies of the new democracy, leaving the opposition to be dominated by Schumacher's party, whose loyalty to the Federal Republic was never in doubt. By putting the integration of the Federal Republic into the West higher on his list of priorities than the reunification of Germany, Adenauer also presented the new state succumbing itself to nationalist resentments, as the Weimar Republic had done. It was, of course, left to a subsequent Social Democrat leader, Willy Brandt, to recognize the status quo in Eastern Europe, leaving reunification as an ideal but distant objective.

Altogether it is a heartening story, which shows what common sense and respect for the rule of law can achieve coupled with the will to win. There is a lesson here for all of us.

Modern Ireland: a bibliography of politics, planning research and development (734pp). Library Association. £44. 0 85365 014 1. This is the first real chronicle-history drawn up by the Irish people. It is a massive, ambitious, and important research in progress. It makes a serious attempt to portray Ireland as it is, not as it is imagined, and it is a welcome addition to the literature on Ireland. It is a massive, ambitious, and important research in progress. It makes a serious attempt to portray Ireland as it is, not as it is imagined, and it is a welcome addition to the literature on Ireland. It is a massive, ambitious, and important research in progress. It makes a serious attempt to portray Ireland as it is, not as it is imagined, and it is a welcome addition to the literature on Ireland.

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supposed; the loss of economically burdensome Eastern provinces and the willingness of the Americans to finance German recovery. Add to this a financially weak trade-union movement, chastened by its experience of the Third Reich, and reorganized along lines which inhibited demarcation disputes, and it will be seen that the Germans were well placed to exploit the opportunities offered by the post-war boom.

None the less, Ludwig Erhard's determination to allow market forces to have greater play in Germany than ever before was also an important stimulus to the economy, and Balfour gives him credit for it. He was the right man in the right place, as was Konrad Adenauer. By firmly opting for a government coalition which excluded the Social Democrats in 1949, *der Adenauer* was able to establish a strong, politically conservative regime in Germany which absorbed many of the potential enemies of the new democracy, leaving the opposition to be dominated by Schumacher's party, whose loyalty to the Federal Republic was never in doubt. By putting the integration of the Federal Republic into the West higher on his list of priorities than the reunification of Germany, Adenauer also presented the new state succumbing itself to nationalist resentments, as the Weimar Republic had done. It was, of course, left to a subsequent Social Democrat leader, Willy Brandt, to recognize the status quo in Eastern Europe, leaving reunification as an ideal but distant objective.

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Edmund Ironside: a reappraisal

Eric Sams

The BBC has recently assured us that William Shakespeare (1564-1616) was "a late starter whose first plays were written in his late twenties". This modish orthodoxy not only lacks evidence but affronts the common reader's common sense. Even the earliest plays (eg *Henry VI* and *Titus Andronicus*, c. 1591) show the skills of served apprenticeship. Further, viable playscripts were available property. A sensible question is, what became of the missing plays which the earlier years, c. 1584-1590?

This article reopens the case for *Edmund Ironside*. Its 2,000 lines of anonymous undated manuscript (BL: Egerton 1984) were first edited in a modern text by the American scholar E. B. Everett (*Anglistica*, xiv, 1965). It had already argued for its Shakespearean attribution, together with that of other apocrypha, in his *Young Shakespeare* (ibid., ii, 1954). The pundits panned it. "Stylistically impossible", intoned Irving Ribner in 1957; "most unlikely", echoed Samuel Schoenbaum in 1966. The tone thus set is still being taken. "With friends like Everitt", I was wistfully told, "Ironside needs no enemies." From another authority: "Those who treat Everitt respectfully in print are liable to rule the world." (I had been thinking of whom will be apparent) had at least advanced some arguments, whereas his detractors offer only opinions. His book is admittedly diffuse and difficult; my present purpose is to extract its *Ironside* essence, to add new evidence and ideas, and to resubmit the result for objective assay.

I turned afresh from the primary source. I found present-day palaeography powerless to delete MSS or identify handwriting by any verifiable method. Literary editors are better equipped with objective criteria, which (eg, the absence of act and scene divisions) identify *Ironside* as probably an early MS, c. 1590. As Everitt says, its farcical portrayal of an Archbishop of Canterbury could hardly have expected the necessary knowledge after 1589, when that very Archbishop was charged with stage censorship duties. Indeed, all the classical satire would have been taboo during the Marprelate controversy. So *Ironside* must well have been laid aside for a long cooling-off period; although it was performed in the provinces during the 1630s there is no evidence that it had ever appeared earlier anywhere. In the meantime, as F. S. Boas also found (*Shakespeare and the Universities*, 1923), the MS seems to have been lodged to the Cartwright family, who taught it to Dulwich College. This provenance looks reputable enough for the elder Cartwright had acted with Edward Alleyn, founder of Dulwich, who not only owned the play, but also staged Shakespeare (*Titus Andronicus*, 1934).

Now, *Titus* and *Ironside* display several striking similarities, both general (each begins with a clash between inherited crown and popular choice) and specific (the phrase "ever-heard-of" torturing pain" occurs in both). Dozens of equally distinct parallels with the First Folio are described in detail by Everitt, op. cit. I, and no doubt other readers can add many more. Equally factual, given its early date, are *Ironside*'s uniqueness and originality in both subject-matter and genre. It seems to be the first real chronicle-history drawn up by the Irish people. It is a massive, ambitious, and important research in progress. It makes a serious attempt to portray Ireland as it is, not as it is imagined, and it is a welcome addition to the literature on Ireland. It is a massive, ambitious, and important research in progress. It makes a serious attempt to portray Ireland as it is, not as it is imagined, and it is a welcome addition to the literature on Ireland.

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Thus he identifies sixty-five expressions which in the 1580s would have been new to the language, including many (eg "untutored") now credited to Shakespeare, and others (eg "extricate") still not found in any dictionary. If all this does not shout aloud "Shakespeare!" then at least there are some stage whispers. Altogether *Ironside* sounds well worth an audition.

In fact it has hardly had a hearing; and there are still no agreed methods for settling Shakespeare problems, whether of dating, attribution or anything else. The only consensus I can elicit is that echoes, however exact, are not evidence. The main axiom is that parallels never meet with approval. This clumsy rule of thumb serves only to depress scholarship; of course clear parallels, properly analysed, can provide strong evidence. The only fair-minded assessment of Everitt that I can trace (M. M. Reese, *RES*, 1955) found his case for *Ironside* "an impressive statement of Shakespeare's authorship" precisely because of the cumulative force of different data drawn from resemblances in "diction, vocabulary, imagery, ethical and political thought, similar treatment of similar situations, and so forth". Here is at least a notional methodology, based on probability theory. Indeed, Reese quoted one famous fingerprint that could carry conviction on its own, namely Shakespeare's curious "flat-tery" image-cluster of sugar, melting and dog. This was first defined and explained by Caroline Spurgeon (*Shakespeare's Imagery*, 1935); she and others have stressed its strength as evidence of his hand. Reese puts the point thus: if we were to find it in an anonymous manuscript of (say) 1588 should we not strongly suspect Shakespeare? So today's verdict might have been very different if Reese or Everitt had testified that *Ironside* actually is such a manuscript. Here, with my italics are its lines 1186-90, from a speech about flat-tery:

... sugared lines and phrases past compare;
Had I been now in favour with the king
And had endeavoured to flatter him
My pen would have distilled golden drops
And varied terms enchanting Cerberus.

Another Shakespearean association-chain, the so-called "blot" cluster, occurs in four of his early works and also, link by link, in *Ironside*. The copious and often surprising details have been well documented by MacD. P. Jackson (*Notes and Queries*, 1953). The *Ironside* passage shares not only its idiosyncratic imagery but its action and development with *Richard II*; this is just one among Everitt's many similar comparisons. Both those plays also betray some odd obsessions about Judas (on which see B. Armstrong, *Shakespeare's Imagination*, 1946). Thus the young Shakespeare was convinced, eg in *Henry VI* and *Love's Labour's Lost*, as well as *Richard II*, that Judas betrayed Christ with a cry of "All hail!". This is not merely a mistake but a serious solecism. Those words are spoken by the risen Christ in Matthew 28:9 and occur nowhere else in the gospels. The same mistake is found in *Ironside*; such congruence of error must already offer fair odds against chance. Again, Shakespeare also had in his head a motion picture of Hector's funeral smother in Troy. Sha. "unmaddened" among the Greeks in *Cymbeline*; she runs "barefoot up and down" in *Hamlet*; in *Titus* "Hecuba of Troy... ran mad for sorrow". In *Ironside* too "the woeful queuo of Troy ran mad for sorrow". But the classical Hecuba, despite much provocation, seems to have stayed sedentary, and aene in Troy. Similarly *Titus* talks of "big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size" who could "sollicit heaven and move the gods", while *Ironside*'s Deneas are "giants of the Cyclops' size" who are also "big-boned" and "might well scale the cope of heaven and fill the giants' grapple with the gods". There seems to be an overlap of legends here as well as of language.

Against what odds would two different minds share such special trains of thought? In quest of quantifiability I consulted Eliot Slater, whose statistical studies of rare-word vocabulary (eg in his recent thesis on *Edward III*) have been well received. With his guidance I made a count of those words found in *Ironside* and also in only four or fewer of the canonical works. There are over two hundred other words. Their concordance-occurrences totalled some six hundred. Of these, fully a third are in *Titus* and *Henry VI*; this is over three times the chance expectation.

Those refined phrases from *Richard II* all glitter in Gaunt's few famous lines (11.1.40-66), while the rougher *Ironside* ore lies in scattered lumps throughout that play. As Kenneth Muir also says (loc. cit.) Shakespeare often repeated or revised his earlier ideas. "Hundreds of examples could be given... and in nearly every case the second version

is more pregnant and impressive than the first. The relation between *Ironside* and the First Folio could hardly be better defined.

Supporting evidence arrives from a quite different and unexpected quarter. The *Ironside* MS, in both text and penmanship, testifies to legal knowledge and experience (cf E. Boswell, *Malone Society edition*, 1928; W. Greg, *Dramatic Documents from the Elizabethan Playhouses*, 1931). Only one other anonymous Elizabethan playscript has ever been authoritatively linked with the formal style of the trained scrivener; and that is the only other manuscript ever claimed as a Shakespeare holograph, namely the insurrection scene in *Sir Thomas More*. This impression (Sir E. Thompson, *Shakespeare's Handwriting*, 1916) is "enforced by the employment of certain formal contractions and abbreviations... in use among lawyers and trained scribes". Everitt, who spent years analysing the *More* and *Ironside* MSS, had no doubt that they were in the same hand, though written in different years, styles, moods and speeds. Many other commentators, for centuries, have inferred legal experience from Shakespeare's works. In 1589, Nashe complained (preface to Greene's *Menaphon*) that upstart law-clerks were presuming to write plays, including one called *Hamlet*. Many critics have reasoned that this was Shakespeare's own first version. If so, Nashe plainly testifies that Shakespeare was a law-clerk. That would certainly explain his detailed knowledge of *A Briefe Treatise of Testaments and Last Wills* (Swinburn, 1590); Kenneth Muir has recently rediscovered the textual evidence showing that this legal textbook was a well-estimated source of the *Hamlet* we know. So was the obscure law-suit Hales v Pettitt of 1560.

Further, the Folger Library copy of another legal textbook, *Archionomia* (Lambard, 1568) bears the signature "Wm. Shakespeare". Experts including Samuel Schoenbaum have supported its strong claims to authenticity. One might think that this clinches the legal link. In ordinary life, after all, people who write their names in legal textbooks are, rather likely to be studying law. In the scholarly world, things are different. Thus for Professor Schoenbaum the theory that Shakespeare worked as a lawyer's scrivener is "old and generally discredited" (sic). So a law book, "seems an odd choice for Shakespeare's library". The evidence is rebuffed for supporting the wrong theory. It is more rational to look for other connections with the law. We should find

this noble Isle
my pleasure's paradise
this land
the fortress of my crown
this solitary Isle
this little world
this realm of England
like the chosen Jews, stubborn
thy right hand shall make thy heart
thy way

this sceptred Isle
dem Paradise
this fortress of my crown
this solitary Isle
this little world
this realm of England
like the chosen Jews, stubborn
thy right hand shall make thy heart
thy way

this little world
this realm, this England
stubborn Jewry
hath made a shameful conquest of itself

that in 1589 Shakespeare as son and heir was a party to family litigation about the loss of lands that his feckless father John had mortgaged to his unscrupulous uncle Edmund. As W. Nicholas Knight has pointed out (*Shakespeare's Hidden Life*, 1973) this is a theme of the possibly contemporary *Hamlet*: "lands so by his father lost". It is also a theme of *Edmund Ironside*: "thy father's land I seize upon".

Ironside in its turn has close and clagorous links, again of a different and unexpected kind, with the legal textbook *Archionomia*. This is a collection of ancient statutes in Anglo-Saxon, with Latin translation and commentary. Its chief contents are the laws of "Canutus", who in that same Latinized form dominates *Ironside*. It tells us that among his prescribed punishments was mutilation. In *Ironside* (just as in *Titus*) victims are "lopped" of their "ornaments" on stage. In response to a loyal demand for the supposedly sterner death penalty, Canute bleakly explains that mutilation is worse. "To be marked... robs them of their humours... even as a brand is to desecrate a thief... prepare your visages to bear the tokens of eternality". Compare the pitiless tones of his own law in Latin: "dedecus atque insignem omni posterum acriter infamum subito". Let them bear a disfigurement and a badge of infamy for all time to come. In the Folger copy, signed "Wm. Shakespeare", a phrase about mutilation is underlined and the passage is marked with a marginal bracket.

There are other interesting annotations, which have apparently never been studied in detail—perhaps on the ground that as Shakespeare had no business to own such a book he was even less entitled to scribble on it. In the ordinary world, though, people often sign and annotate their textbooks. One footnote in particular stands out. It is in Latin and it refers to a mention of the old English word *okres*, metal. The annotation, in quoth a phrase ending "quod Kustic in libro suo de differentis animalium", Edward Wotton's Latin tome of that title, 1581, is not among Shakespeare's known sources. But it is a massive compendium of the animal lore he so often invoked as imagery and allusion. The Hyrcanian tiger, the stinging lizard, the multi-coloured chameleon, the starved snake, the all-envenoming basilisk, the mother-killing viper and the plume-shedding peacock are all among the fauna found in Wotton as well as in, eg, *Henry VI*. Further, those last three examples also occur in *Ironside*; and the last two, according to the *OED*, were first mentioned in written English by William Shakespeare.

Even more striking is the annotation's italic hand. It suggests a beginner; it is more disjointed than cursive; it is clearly modelled on *Archionomia*'s type-founts. It looks very like the interspersed Italic of *Ironside*. Disappointed with palaeographic impotence, I consulted a forensic scientist. I learned that these two hands, as compared in good photographs, exhibit no consistent differences. Of course they may merely be through some freak of chance, or because both writers were self-taught well as in, eg, *Henry VI*. All the same, the inference of identity again seems the simplest solution. In other words, a legal-style manuscript which on good evidence was written by Shakespeare, and a legal textbook which on good evidence can be ascribed to the same hand; and the evidence is of different and unexpected kinds in each case. It is copious, too, and increasing; there is space here for only a fraction of the relevant data.

Perhaps then *Ironside* is, just as it sounds, an integral part of the canon? If so, the reverberations are far-reaching.

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commentary

A summer panorama

Marc Jordan

Seven Centuries of European Sculpture
Heim Gallery

Summer is traditionally the time when the major London art dealers put on their grandest exhibitions. Agnew, Colnaghi and Wildenstein are all showing, with a typically well-mannered combination of scholarship, connoisseurship and commerce. Old Master paintings of outstanding quality drawn from their rich fouds. Sculpture is, however, a rarer commodity. At Colnaghi, where the predominant tone of the current exhibition *Discoveries from the Cinquecento* is of the highest seriousness with major paintings by Pieter (il Cosimo) Bellini, Parmigianino, Rosso, Bronzino and Titian, there is only one contemporary sculpture; a sombre bronze bust of a nobleman once called Alfonso II d'Este by Leone but now given no increasing attribution to the little known Paduan sculptor Agostino Zoppo. It is true that there is also one element of slightly manic sculptural incongruity in the form of the brilliant plaster model by Jean-Baptiste Carpeaux for his statue "La Danse" at the Paris Opéra. This violently *mouvementé* nineteenth-century work was presumably too large and fragile to move for the duration of the sixteenth-century exhibition.

Contrasts are, however, more constructive in the richly eclectic show of the Heim Gallery which this year has bravely given over its Summer Exhibition to "Seven Centuries of European Sculpture". It is predominantly Italian in favour from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, and French in the eighteenth and nineteenth, but room is also found for one or two good Flemish and German pieces as well as a single example of Bohemian Baroque (Lazar Widmann's "Two Gladiators in Combat") which represents a particular interest of Alastair Laing, who has written the excellent catalogue.

The earliest sculptures, from central and northern Italy, wrenched from their original architectural settings, inevitably have a faintly melancholy air. Nevertheless the two most beautiful objects in the exhibition, a pair of elaborately stylized couchant lions carved from mutilated red Verona marble, belong to this group. Given a Veronese origin and dated to the second part of the thirteenth century on the basis of affinities with the lions supporting the porch of St Zeno, they perhaps once flanked steps at the entrance to a chapel; their polished backs are witness to the generations of Italian children who must have ridden them.

It is always fascinating to see a transitional or collaborative work in which the distinctive artistic personality of a young sculptor begins to emerge from the style of his master. While there is still a lot to be done to unravel the work of numbers of lesser quattrocento sculptors, Heim's group of three free-standing marble figures of Christ and two female saints (presumably once part of a larger altarpiece) seems to show the Luccese sculptor Matteo Civitini freeing himself from the workshop types of his supposed master Andrea Guardi. Certainly there is an immediately discernible contrast between the fine, sweet modern Florentine style of the figures of Christ and the younger female saint and the heavier, more naturalistic facial type and drapery of the older woman.

Any lingering doubts about the colouristic range and expressiveness of sculpture left over from the static mimetic rivalry with painting are soon swept away at this exhibition with its range of materials. Bronze, offering the possibility of subtle finishing by chiselling, patination or gilding, appeared particularly in the sensibilities of sixteenth-century collectors and went on being used for

small-scale works profane and sacred well into the seventeenth century. Examples here include a personification of Peace in elaborate *contrapposto* by the Venetian Mannerist Tiziano Aspetti (the catalogue tells us that the figure was originally a decoration for one of the elaborate five dogs which formed such a feature of patrician Venetian households. Her gesture of dousing the flame of war is thus particularly appropriate). From the seventeenth century are a pair of elderly bearded saints by Camillo Mariani, chiselled and gilded superbly. But the most arresting bronzes are a pair of solid-east sixteenth-century North German statuettes of Adam and Eve which are modelled and finished with refreshing vigour.

Terracotta is above all others the material which retains the impress of the sculptor's touch and personality. It was, understandably, popular with artists of the later seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as a material for finished works, particularly portrait busts, as well as for sketches and models. One of the sculptors who used the material most successfully in the eighteenth century was the Frenchman Jean-Baptiste Lemoyne who is represented here by one of his delicate and informal female portrait studies. His masterpiece in this vein must be the mourning "Marquise de Feuquières" (at the Victoria and Albert Museum) who has a terracotta tear on her cheek. Though his portrait of the eighteenth-year-old Victoire Marin (signed and dated 1750) is not such a striking image it has much of the same psychological delicacy and brilliant handling of matière.

Lemoyne was the teacher of many of the best of the next generation of French sculptors. Pigalle, Caffieri, Falconet and (briefly) Houdon passed through his studio. Augustin Pajou, one of the most precocious of his pupils, rarely managed to infuse his master's delicacy of touch into his terracotta portraits which have rather bland success. But a small rococo sketch which is here convincingly attributed to Pajou and identified as the sketch model of "Hébé" exhibited at the Salon of 1771, dispels all doubts about his ability to handle the medium with sensitivity. Essentially a small-scale erotic boudoir sculpture, this figure who is being nuzzled insinuatingly by the eagle of Jove would perhaps not have translated successfully into the life-size marble intended for Madame du Barry but never executed.

Marble by contrast was the material best suited to Neo-classical portraiture. Houdon's crisply carved herm bust of the Abbé Barthélemy (antiquary and author of the *Voyage de Jeanne Ancharis en Grèce*) is an example of the most uncompromisingly classical type adopted at the end of the eighteenth century. The head is presented full-face with the short hair dressed à l'antique. The chest and squared-off shoulders are naked and the bust sits down squarely without a plinth. Houdon's legendary ability to convey character: a suggestion of the ironic smile of an eighteenth-century *savant* plays about the mouth and eyes of this noble Roman. An altogether more playful approach to antiquity is exemplified by Joseph Chinard's Empire period bust of Mlle de Verninac as "Diana testing an arrow", an unusually late instance of allegorical portraiture.

Mlle de Verninac was the elder half sister of Eugène Delacroix, and it is a work by Delacroix's close contemporary François Rude which is one dramatic centre of the group of French Romantic works which brings this exhibition to a close. Rude's screaming plaster head (cut from an unidentified relief) brings the visitor a long way from the serenity of the early Renaissance works with which the exhibition begins but it is a disconcerting and sometimes surprising journey through an art which frantically under-represented the London commercial scene.

Gravity and informality

Malcolm Rogers

John Michael Wright: The King's Painter
Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh

On June 18, 1662 Samuel Pepys noted in his diary: "Walked to Lely's, the painter's, where I saw . . . most rare things. Thence to Wright's, the painter's; but Lord! the difference that is between their two works." Clearly Lely's more fulsome approach, his sonorous colouring, haughty and

not known with whom he studied, but in 1648 he became a member of the Academy of St Luke, joining, among other foreign members, Poussin and Velasquez – a juxtaposition which puts his own achievement in its European perspective. While in Rome he amassed a valuable art collection including, if contemporary attributions are to be believed, works by Raphael, Mantegna and Titian. He also pursued the studies which were to qualify him for the post of antiquary to the Archduke Leopold, governor of the Spanish Netherlands, which he took up around 1653. Nothing more is known of this period in his life, and we next

strongest and most engaging. However hard he tried, and despite the academic studies in Rome, he never succeeded in mastering the principles of human anatomy, his figures have a doll-like artificiality and he was particularly perceptive of elbows, yet how gorgeously these are dressed in the latest fashions, in detail of their rich costume minutely observed. The prosperous goldsmith Sir Robert Vyner and his family seated in their garden at Swinley, Middlesex, which Pepys thought "most uniform in all that I ever saw, and some things to excess", well seem unbearably ostentatious to have been depicted by Lely. In his provincial version of Italian mannerism, the emphasis is a refinement of line and colour, a delicate expense of character; the sitter is subdued by the occasion, Gosses as for a photographer; only the little bit has lost his concentration and mood.

Wright's soldiers have a sturdiness, and sometimes, as in a case of one of his many Royal Catholic patrons, the "6th Duke of Norfolk", they are invested with the romance of medieval chivalry. His grandiose costume pieces, like "St. Neil O'Neil" and the "Highland Chieftain", are highly decorative; superficially impressive accumulations of detail. He could produce an original and memorable image of a monarch in the "Charles II Enthroned" which on loan from St James's Palace. His general he was temperamental, happier with less formal subjects: men who were artists, with women: with children. The half-length portrait of the gentleman architect, remodeler of Holyroodhouse, Sir William Bruce is a particularly sensitive interpretation of the artistic spirit, and far more European in flavour. The playing Thomas Sydesseff, in his striped tunic, stands with a frank informality which is precious for that period. In contrast, Wright was particularly good at capturing the self-conscious grandeur of young children.

But it is in portraits of women that he excels. Here his love of costume and acute sense of colour are combined with a subtle romanticism. The evident in the best of the comparable modest half-lengths like the "Mrs. Arundell", with her engagingly upward glance, but is particularly affecting in the more intimate portraits in landscapes. Typically, an almost-eyed nymph makes a study progress through an ideal landscape, an evening sky, her dress is an indefinable shade of pinkish-white, her expression enigmatic. There is a delicacy of tone and mood, combined with what the catalogue perceptively calls in connection with the "Unknown Lady with a Riding Crop", "a sense of immanence", which is entirely characteristic of Wright at his best, and of which the mature Lely was incapable.

From the Italian period only one certain work is known to survive: the modest and oddly characterless head and shoulders of Robert Bruce, later first Earl of Elgin, at the time, like Wright himself, a young man finding his way around the marvels of Rome. Paradoxically, it is the paintings which Wright produced in Britain (he worked in Scotland and Ireland as well as England) which show the Italian influence. This is most obvious in the ceiling which he painted in the early 1660s for Charles II's bedchamber in the Palace of Whitehall. The subject is "The Return of Aeneas", treated as an allegory of the restoration of Charles II. How strange it is to see the Boscobel oak, uprooted by a gang of riotous wonderful blue of a Mediterranean sky. The mixture of a absolutely characteristic high artistic ambition combined with a provincial literalness of mind.

It is in the portraits that this blend of the sophisticated and the naïve is



"Margaret Onley, Mrs George Vernon", 1660, by John Michael Wright, from the exhibition reviewed here.

sensual characterizations and obvious painterly qualities, were more to the diarist's taste than the products of Wright's meeker spirit. Yet to modern eyes the works of the relatively unknown Wright (on show until September 19) make a refreshing change from the more sophisticated charms of Lely.

John Michael Wright: *The King's Painter* is the first full-scale exhibition ever to be devoted to the artist, and though it is absurd to claim, as the press-release does, that he was "the finest portrait painter of British origin produced" he yet emerges as an original and attractive artistic personality. The exhibition is thus no mere antiquarian exercise, though Duncan Thomson and Sara Stevenson's excellent, fully-illustrated catalogue (96pp, Scottish National Portrait Gallery, £3.75, 0 903148 447) contains the results of much original scholarly research. Sad to say, in the process Wright has been deprived of six whole years of life; he died in 1694, and not, as was previously thought, in 1700.

By virtue of his training Wright stands clearly outside the mainstream of British painting in the seventeenth century, dominated as it is by the not always benign influence of Van Dyck and Lely. He was born in 1617, the son of a London tailor, and is said to have been seduced as a youth from the Protestant faith of his parents by the Roman Catholic priest, and taken by him to Scotland. There he learned the trade with the portraitist George Jameson, sometimes known with staggering inappropriateness as "the Scottish Van Dyck". By 1644 at the latest, however, he was in Rome, drawn there no doubt both by religion and the desire to improve his art. It is

hard of him when he arrived in London in 1656, where Lely had already been established for more than ten years. From then on he worked as a professional portrait painter. He was prolific, moderately successful, and his paintings are idiosyncratic.

There are thirty-six paintings in the exhibition, supplemented by engravings and illustrated books, as well as an imaginative recreation of a room in Wright's house in Covent Garden, full in its turn of books, pictures, engravings, antiquities – all the elevated clutter of a virtuoso collector. Outstanding is the "Lion Armour" (on loan from the Tower of London Armouries) which Wright may have owned, and which is worn in his parade portrait of the Duke of Albemarle.

From the Italian period only one certain work is known to survive: the modest and oddly characterless head and shoulders of Robert Bruce, later first Earl of Elgin, at the time, like Wright himself, a young man finding his way around the marvels of Rome. Paradoxically, it is the paintings which Wright produced in Britain (he worked in Scotland and Ireland as well as England) which show the Italian influence. This is most obvious in the ceiling which he painted in the early 1660s for Charles II's bedchamber in the Palace of Whitehall. The subject is "The Return of Aeneas", treated as an allegory of the restoration of Charles II. How strange it is to see the Boscobel oak, uprooted by a gang of riotous wonderful blue of a Mediterranean sky. The mixture of a absolutely characteristic high artistic ambition combined with a provincial literalness of mind.

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CHICAGO

The University of Chicago Press
500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, IL 60610

The brutal and the gentle touch

Stoddard Martin

RICHARD WAGNER
Parsifal
Festspielhaus, Bayreuth

The Wagner being promoted by the current hierarchy at Bayreuth is the Wagner of what Shaw disparagingly called "the Love Panacea". Dr Oswald Bauer, press officer of the Festival and custodian of Wolfgang Wagner's ideological position, emphasizes that he is in sympathy with campaigners for nuclear disarmament, that he was disturbed by Thatcher's pursuit of the Falklands War, and that he is satisfied that principles of democracy and anti-racism are as firmly rooted in Germany now as their opposites were in the decade he was born. Let anyone be in doubt about the political complexion of the Festival today, the backs of all five of its programmes are covered with this quotation from *Art and Revolution* in three languages: "The Work of Art of the Future is intended to express the spirit of free people irrespective of all national boundaries; the national element in it must be no more than an ornament, an added individual charm."

But *Art and Revolution* was written in 1849 when Wagner was fresh from the Dresden barricades and concerned to justify his solidarity with the high hopes of a revolutionary Europe. In the 1870s, when he was preparing *Parsifal*, he was concerned to establish his identity with the new German power confirmed at Sedan. Fides against French "decadence" were common at Wahnfried. Production of *The Ring* in the presence of the new Kaiser assured the breakthrough of Nordic myth as what Yeats would call "the most passionate element in contemporary art". Wagner read Count Gobineau. Indications on how to regenerate the great European race issued from the pages of the *Bayreuther Blätter*.

This is the compost heap from which the *Bayreuther Blätter* grew. Later Hitler told Wahnfried Wagner that he was going to make his father-in-law's last work into a new religion. Given as much, it is not surprising that a week before the present Festival opened *Der Spiegel* published an article saying that *Parsifal* would remain ideologically pernicious no matter how it was produced. The Bayreuth administration may have lost an opportunity not to commission for the programme an essay that dealt head-on with this persistent charge. Probably they consider such discussion in bad taste. In any case, their principal essay, by Hans King, resurrects the old suggestion that *Parsifal* may show the way towards a new universal religion.

drawing from Christian and Buddhist mysticism.

With the fervour of the fallen Nietzsche, producer Götz Friedrich disclaims any association with attempts to glorify "Richard-Jesus-Buddha-Wagner" as the founder of a new religion. Friedrich's Wagner is so more than "one of the great men of theatre and European personalities". *Parsifal* is a rather kitsch story by an old man whose dreams were not much more mature than those of the little son and daughters disturbing the silence of the creative temple at Wahnfried. On an intellectual level *Parsifal* represents the old man's reflection on two thousand years of Christian tradition. With more sympathy than Nietzsche yet also with scepticism, Wagner was trying, according to Friedrich, to determine what of the "good and terrible" elements in that tradition were worth carrying on into the future.

For Friedrich the most "terrible" element is suggested by the Grail knights' lack of *unleide* for Amfortas. Their insensitivity to their leader's pain is a microcosmic version of the great acts of cruelty that man has committed under the sign of the cross, or any emblem that confers righteous justification – swastika, hammer-and-sickle, Mogen David. Iconoclastically, Friedrich represents the Grail knights as brutes. This echoes nicely the persecution of beliefs in the century in which the Grail story was written down. However it fails to take into account that in every version of that story, including Wagner's, the knights are themselves associated with heretical secrets, not with the murderous soldiers of the Roman orthodoxy. Worse, it fails to harmonize with the positive value Wagner invested in the Grail music.

Friedrich suggests that the knights'

entrance is actually a plodding *Göttermarsch*. But surely the strains in which he wants us to hear the benality of evil were intended by Wagner to convey a mood of solemn dedication and hope, of the kind first essayed in *Lohengrin*, particularly in the music of King Heinrich. Would Debussy have echoed this music when presenting Aiskel in *Pelléas* if it had struck his acute ear as "terrible"? Friedrich's reading of the Grail order and potentially totalitarian is a valuable one in a century marked, as he notes, by the 1939-45 war and the Hiroshima bomb. But his unsacred rendering of the first Grail scene makes nonsense of the Bayreuth tradition that no one should clap. And if he is responsible for making the music proceed at such a morbid pace, then the conductor, James Levine, should be exonerated of criticism for his reading here.

Having raised these objections, one must go on to say that Friedrich's production is a revelation. Though he disavows organized religion, he fills this *Parsifal* with the *unleide* at the heart of Christian ethics. Time and again he has his characters touch one another in the simplest, most tender way. Gurnemanz is the fount of this *carietas*. He chimes off the initiates who want to stone wayward Kundry; he alone of the Grail knights attends to Amfortas's pain; through the transformation scene he touches forehead with Parsifal in hopes that this might impart some wisdom to the ignorant boy. By the third act, when the world has been blasted by some unnamed holocaust, this cult of touch is the surviving source of hope. Parsifal's cure of Amfortas by touching the wound with the Spear is an affirmation of Gurnemanz's good example.

The action proceeds amid sets and costumes more warm and detailed than

those of Friedrich's *Ring*. Bayreuth can evidently budget better than Covent Garden, and in the hands of Friedrich each added element opens a new area of meaning. When the walls of the forest come together to form the Grail Chapel, we recognize the boardroom of a modern skyscraper. Titule appears on a video screen and glowers on his son throughout the latter's lamentation. Klingsohr has a giant oscilloscopic grid behind his control tower and, when this lights up with blips and puffs of smoke, we recognize the radar screens of the modern military. Friedrich's values, rooted in the 1960s, become increasingly clear. In the finale he has a group of girls enter the tumble-down enclave of the Grail, thus announcing that even this most misogynistic of Wagner's works can be drawn into a new, anti-sexist, unpunitive age.

Friedrich has also succeeded in making Wagner's most static work consistently exciting. In this he is helped by Bayreuth's lighting technicians and a majestic array of vocal talent. Simon Estes, the American black who kept the accident-prone Bayreuth *Dutchman* afloat, is a compelling Amfortas (and should be a fine Worm in Peter Hall's *Ring* next year). Franz Mrazek gives Klingsohr pathos as well as wicked glee. Leanne Rysanek, though nearly sixty, is still able to shriek and slither and draw sounds up out of the mud, and her Kundry earns a well-deserved thunder of foot-stomping. Peter Hoffmann, however, is the star of the evening. His dramatic sensitivity and vocal passion bring new shades of character to a hero who is far from Wagner's most accessible; and no one who hears his "Amfortas" held for a half-dozen bars can any longer doubt that his voice is a match for his physical beauty.

Silhouette and chiaroscuro

Roger Warren

W. A. MOZART
Così fan tutte
Kleines Festspielhaus, Salzburg

Salzburg's new *Così fan tutte* is ambitious, stimulating, and very successful. Its director Michael Hampe, from Cologne, says in his programme notes that he aims to capture the opera's balance between identification with the characters and ironic commentary upon them by using the empty stage as a "vacuum of mood and atmosphere, its truth to human relationships" – while always recognizing that the action is the result of a bet.

Accordingly, he begins with an empty marble floor, leading to the shimmering sea and framed by a false proscenium, to which a series of elegant sets is added: coffee-house, terrace, salon, dressing-room, all overlooking the Bay of Naples. When characters detach themselves from the main action to comment on it they move forward under the false proscenium into silhouette; a bottle and a purse remain silhouetted on the prompt-box at the front of the stage as reminders of the wager.

To some extent, this technique recalls Giorgio Strehler's brilliant *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* in this same theatre, which used a false proscenium to separate a brightly-lit main action from areas in silhouette. But the ambiguities of "Così" cannot be adequately represented in black-and-white terms, as Hampe is well aware. So, as the soft greys of the costumes give way to the red and gold splendour of the "Albanians", the bright light and blue sky of the Bay of Naples darken to a sultry sunset over Vesuvius (as Dorabella likens her explosive feelings for Guglielmo to "un Vesuvio"). When such emotional ambiguities are replaced by the superficially cheerful

final ensemble, all the scenery glides away, leaving the stage empty as at the start, with the soloists in hard white light "as if waking from a dream".

Hampe does not insist too rigorously on this framework, but uses its possibilities to reflect the opera's fluctuations of mood. Ferrando and Guglielmo, disguised as resplendent oriental potentates, stalk their prey during the hectic orchestral phrases which precede and punctuate Fiordiligi's "Come scoglio"; Guglielmo instinctively goes to address "Non state nitrosi" to Fiordiligi, before Alfonso, with an imperious wave of his walking-stick, instructs him to woo Dorabella instead, and Guglielmo momentarily caught out, sings the aria lightly and formally. The men only gradually become entangled in the plot; Ferrando's "Un'aura amorosa" is a renewed statement of confidence in Dorabella, a direct response to Alfonso's insistence on pressing the wager.

Guglielmo also begins his seduction of Dorabella in Act 2 gradually, hesitantly, and she (despite that sultry sunset) seems subdued as she sings of the "Vesuvio" in her heart; their duet emphasizes the *grazioso* element at the expense of the heated eroticism surely suggested in the musical and verbal imagery of beating hearts being exchanged. But the Ferrando/Fiordiligi duet certainly does full justice to its complex blend of passion, eroticism, and irony.

Francisco Araiza, a heroic rather than mellifluous Ferrando, compels Fiordiligi to yield with a kind of relentless tenderness; Guglielmo, watching from the proscenium, bows his head and sinks slowly to his knees; Alfonso even plays a sympathetic hand on his shoulder. Not that this moodless, Fiordiligi had taken off the bodice of her dress to put on the military uniform as Ferrando begins to draw the uniform off her shoulder. Alfonso, hastily and delicately close, the proscenium curtains, with the obvious implications. His momentary sympathy with Guglielmo does not

lessen his triumphant winning his bet. In this scene, where it matters most, the production achieves its aim of capturing both the emotional truth of an experience and its ironic framework.

When, after his betrayal, James Morris's hitherto confident and exuberant Guglielmo returns to Margaret Marshall's reserved, placid Fiordiligi, the gap between them seems immense, and Fiordiligi and Ferrando exchange a piercing glance of regret as they pass each other on their way to their original partners. "Realization is paid for by the loss of happiness", as the director puts it. This Fiordiligi is also sharply contrasted with Agnes Baltsa's vivacious Dorabella: "both sing beautifully. Kathleen Battle is a clumsy, fussy Desolina, but José van Dam is a mastery Alfonso, by turns commanding, amused, compassionate, and triumphant. Riccardo Muti in the pit is as attentive to the details of the score as Hampe is on stage, especially in the trio "Solve via il vento", where he brings out the viola and woodwind figure which intensifies the yearning climax "ai nostri desi" with a vivid clarity which makes us hear it as if for the first time.

TLS Crossword

We hope to run a literary crossword from time to time in the *TLS*. Readers are invited to submit puzzles for possible inclusion, and a prize of one year's subscription to the *TLS* is offered for the best three submitted by September 17. They should be in *The Times* Crossword format: 15 x 15, symmetrical, no word to have more than half its letters blind or to start with two blind letters or to have three consecutive blind letters; all words to be connected to at least two others. All clues should have more than two persons. Entries (no duplicate and answers on the second set) and explanations of literary references, should be sent to *TLS* Crossword, *Times Literary Supplement*, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC4M 4BX.

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Oxford University Press

John Clare's Birds

Harold Hobson

KEITH BAXTER

Cavell
Chichester Festival Theatre

There is a moment when Keith Baxter's play *Cavell* springs into life with a vitality which it never afterwards loses. This surge of blood is due partly to the subtlety of Baxter's writing, and partly to the brilliant performance of Aubrey Woods as Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Secretary during the First World War. A splendid aristocratic figure in silk knee breeches and ceremonial coat, Sir Edward in his official room is listening in polite but total boredom to a list of British soldiers killed in the most recent action in Flanders. Then suddenly the languid form becomes flushed with energy, and Sir Edward darts across the room to the window with all the speed that in the upper classes is compatible with grace and composure. Through that window he has seen a hero. Actually a hero! The long roster of the names of hundreds of dead may be nothing but a bore, but a hero — that surely is something which a man of sensibility and taste cannot view without excitement.

Such is the picture that Baxter draws of the British governing class at the time of the execution of Nurse Cavell. Grey is in fact the least unattractive of the lot. If he is indifferent about how many people get killed (he had never

wanted the war anyhow) he wears the greatness of his office with grace and distinction, never losing his temper, never being discourteous, never showing any anxiety though he is sure the war is being lost.

For the rest of the Cabinet Baxter allows no such mitigating circumstances. He pursues them with a hatred that even Brenton or Flare might deem excessive. He never lets us forget that Churchill put the troops into Tony-pandy. His Lord Derby is a booming, senseless boozier, and his Asquith a drab, Puritan hypocrite. His Lloyd George (played by Philip Modoc with more of Lloyd George's appearance than of his magnetism) is a total scoundrel, a man that Iago and Ullrich Heep would both have refused to shake hands with. It is he rather than the Gormans who is responsible for Cavell's death. Revoltingly rejoicing in his own cleverness, he puts it to the Cabinet that in condemning Cavell the Germans have fallen into a trap from which we must do nothing to release them. They will be reviled by humanity for their crime, unless we intervene to save her. Therefore, with the willing co-operation of America, simply let things take their course, as on the British. Whether all this is actually true I don't know, since Baxter does not reveal his sources, but the management assures me that it is accurate. Anyway it provides an intricate and intriguing background to Edith Cavell's story; and at least it shows that Baxter is waving no flunbony patriotic flag.

Author, Author

Competition No 83

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office no later than September 3. A prize of £10 is offered for the first correct set of answers opened on that date, or failing that the most nearly correct — in which case inspired guesswork will be taken into consideration.

Entries, marked "Author, Author 83" on the envelope, should be addressed to the Editor, *Times Literary Supplement*, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX. The solution and results will appear on September 10.

I Supported by an impregnable sense of justice but still dangerously fuming, Lucia went back to her garden-room, to tranquillize herself with an hour's practice on the new piano. Very nice tone; she and George would be able to start their musical hours again now. This afternoon, perhaps, if he felt up to it after the tragic news, a duet might prove tonic. Not a note had she played during the triumphant week at Risholme. Scales first then, and presently she was working away at a new Mozart, which she and George would subsequently read over together.

2 She had spoken to it about George; played his favourite airs upon it; sat for long evening hours, touching, to the best of her simple art, melancholy harmonies on the keys, and weeping over them in silence. It was not George's relic. It was voiceless now. The next time that old Sedley asked her to play, she said it was shockingly out of tune, that she had a headache, that she couldn't play.

3 Madame Valatze continued for a short while at the piano as the romantic composition for four hands trailed off into a series of solo improvisations. Without turning her slightest, and for Mrs Golsion still splendid carnation back, she informed her visitors, "Angelos is the victim of his blunder. He's practically worn a track, poor darling, tramping to the bathroom in the night."

She snatched a final treble note and closed the lid of the upright piano.

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Robert Halsband

MOLIÈRE

The Misanthrope
Mark Taper Forum, Los Angeles

This production of Molière's most provocative masterpiece, presented by the Center Theatre Group, is a brilliant success. To begin with, the director of Molière in English must decide which of the many translations to use. About half of his comedies, including *Le Misanthrope*, are written in characteristic alexandrines. A translation in prose or unrhymed lines falls flat on the ear, however precise it is. The translation by Richard Wilbur used here, easily the best one extant, employs the most characteristic English verse form, heroic couplets. His translation, first published in 1955, when one critic objected to the rhyme, or asked for "lines not chimes". Not having seen that production I can only conjecture the fault to have been that of the actors for landing on the rhymes like corny gags: as played here at the Forum, they are understated and unobtrusive yet add a resonance to the lines.

Written in 1666, *The Misanthrope*, if played in the baroque costumes and trappings of Louis XIV, can be distractingly full of swish and flourish, without plumage and capes and swords and clicking high heels. If transposed to another era, would the play work? It should if its truths are universal, as indeed they are, and if the era suits characters and plot. This production is placed in the early twentieth century; the few furniture props are in the style of Art Deco, while the sumptuous costumes (beautifully designed by Sam Kirkpatrick) are based on the work of Erte. The Wilbur translation, which achieves a timeless quality by avoiding costume-drama diction, easily fits its

updating of two and a half centuries. The text hardly needed to be changed, my ear caught only one alteration. Arsiné goes to her "car" instead of her "coach". In addition, she disdains "le rebout de Madame" ("leaving") Wilbur's version is "gigolos" (a word that crept into English from the French in 1927). The setting and costumes, along with an epigrammatic crispness, give the curious illusion that one is witnessing an amalgam of Congress and Wilde.

This is no doubt fortified by the spirited acting of the company. Almost as easily as he is a ranting, boring misanthrope; not as played by René Auberjonois. His long tirades are never monotonous, and he manages to win our reluctant sympathy even though he is too egotistical for his own or his friends' comfort. The irresistible Célimène (Madolyn Smith) looks fragile but stands up to Alceste and his other suitors as well as to her friend and rival Arsiné (Katherine McCarroll). Of the smaller roles, Keene Cullis as Oronte, the would-be poet, plays his part with a breadth of style just short of farce though it never breaks through the comic frame. The star of the performance, I should guess, never appears on stage — the director, Diana Maddox. For the company plays as an ensemble, with a fluency, variety and ease that capture the audience. This kind of "classical" acting in English, rare outside Britain, is achieved without any pious RADA accent; clear, distinct, American diction can carry the ear with the same pleasures that offered by the RSC, particularly since it serves a text as uncluttered and cleanly poetic as Richard Wilbur's.

A Frenchman visiting Los Angeles recently was asked what he thought of the city, and replied that he couldn't see the point of it. Well, with such productions as this at the Mark Taper, Los Angeles is in danger of acquiring a great deal of point as a centre for superb drama not on film.

Astrology and Science

Sir, — Although I am neither an astronomer nor an astrologer, may I correct an assertion of J. Bruce Brackenridge in his review of two titles on astrology (July 9) about the "sun sign", he says that "All those who were born between the first day of spring and April 20 are 'Aries' because the sun was then in the thirty-degree band of the ecliptic around the constellation Aries." But this confuses "sign" and "constellation".

Most astrologers, I suspect, are well aware that the "sign" of Aries (as distinct from the "constellation" of stars called Aries) begins with the astronomical point determined by the place in the ecliptic where the vernal equinox occurs. Since the time of Hipparchos in the second century BC, it has been known that this point "regresses" annually on the ecliptic. Hence the not-so-logical term "precession of the equinoxes". It takes about 2,150 years for the point of the vernal equinox to transit a constellation. Some astrologers maintain that while this equinoctial point was in the constellation Pisces, the world was a "Piscean" age.

I understand that the vernal equinoctial point is currently at about 10° of the constellation Pisces. Since some astrologers impute a rather wide "orb of influence" to the sun, they reckon that the "Age of Aquarius" began to dawn about the time of the American and French Revolutions and has continued its Uranian upheavals into our century. Lord help us to survive to the Age of Capricorn.

FRANK D. GILLIARD
Department of History, California State University, Hayward, California 94542.

Sir, — It is heartening to find the subject of astrology dealt with in a fair way in a responsible journal; I congratulate you and J. Bruce Brackenridge on achieving this (July 9). But he is hardly fair to my admittedly "popular" book *The New Astrologer*. Being a physicist, he is unlikely to have much sympathy with or understanding of what he calls the "artistic" approach, so I will pass that by without comment.

Brackenridge fails to note that my book is resolutely anti-"occult" throughout, and, by tearing three short passages out of context, manages to make it sound as though my approach is confused, whereas it is simply open-minded, which is the impression the introductory material conveys when read as a whole. In any

case, he misses the irony contained in my last sentence, in which I say that I do not "believe" in astrology. I don't: I just try it out. Furthermore, my book covers a great deal more "scientific" ground than Eyessen and Nias's *Astrology: Science or Superstition?* also reviewed by Brackenridge.

Brackenridge states that my short commentaries on certain historical figures are "incorrect or confused". I think the fair-minded reader will discover, on further enquiry, that whatever Brackenridge finds wrong or confused are undecided questions: we simply don't know what certain people really thought, as we don't have their complete writings — or they had to distort what they said in the interests of their personal safety. In the case of Kepler, it would have been stupid, as well as confusing, to try to explain the highly complex rationale of his "new aspects": the fact is that he introduced quintiles, which is what I want to say. One might as well accuse a writer who stated that Kuhn discovered the anti-depressant properties of impenetrability of incoherence, on the grounds that the Kuhn was looking for an anti-psychotic agent, and made his discovery by serendipity. As for Newton: he never stated his support for astrology, but some may infer it — and there is no evidence that he opposed it, which is odd.

I can only be glad that Professor Brackenridge has found what Einstein really thought about life. I don't interpret what Einstein said about not "being sure" about anything as a simple statement that the laws of physics are co-variant. I rather suspect, anyhow, that Einstein's attitude to life somewhat resembled that of Shakespeare to his printed text: he didn't care. Perhaps I should not have brought him in.

As to Professor Brackenridge's last point: that "it is unlikely that this book will convince anyone of [astrology's] validity". Whether it deserves to or not, it has in fact caused many educated sceptics to revise their view. If he will send me the time, date and place of birth of anyone he knows well, telling me only their sex, I will convince him likewise.

MARTIN SEYMOUR-SMITH.
36 Hollis Hill, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex.

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36 Hollis Hill, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex.

Twentieth-century Writing

Sir, — Since Secker and Warburg joined forces with the Arts Council to reissue some classic twentieth-century writing, we have published Wyndham Lewis's *The Revenge for*

Among this week's contributors

ROSEMARY ASHTON is the author of *The German Idea: Four English Writers and the Reception of German Thought 1800-1869*, 1980.

BRIAN BARRY is most recent book is *British Military History: Between the Two World Wars*, 1980.

ANNE BROWN is co-editor of *The Cambridge Encyclopedia of Russia and the Soviet Union*, 1982.

ALAN BROWNTOWN'S most recent collection of poems is *A Night in the Gazebo*, 1981.

MORTON N. COHEN is Emeritus Professor of English at the City University, New York.

STEFAN COLLIER is the author of *Liberalism and Society*, 1979.

ALAN DAVIDSON was Ambassador to Laos from 1973 to 1975. He is editor of *The Oxford Companion to Food*, to be published next year.

DOUGLAS DUNN'S most recent collection of poems is *St. Kilda's Parthenon*, 1981.

PETER EARLE'S books include *The World of Defoe*, 1977, and *The Sack of Panama*, 1981.

HENRY GIFFORD'S books include *Pasadena: A Critical Study*, 1977.

HUGH HAUGHTON is a lecturer in English at the University of York.

PETER HERLETHWAITE'S books include *The New Inquisition: Schillebeeckx and Küng*, 1980.

PAUL JENNINGS'S books include *It's an Odd Thing, But*, 1971.

JOHN KEEGAN'S most recent book is *Six Armies in Normandy*, published earlier this year.

MARJORITA LASKI is chairman of the Arts Council Literature Panel.

OSWYN MURRAY is a Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and the author of *Early Greece*, 1980.

A. J. NICHOLLS is a Fellow of St Antony's College, Oxford.

S. S. PRAWER'S *Home's Jewish Comedy* will be published later this year.

to the editor

Love and Norman Douglas's *Siren Land*. In concentrating on the twentieth century we are deliberately looking at a narrow band of work. The great novels of the century are, by and large, in print and available. It has to be said that much that is published disappears and probably deserves to do so. Our interest is in that group of books lying between these two, where for one reason or another they have been allowed to disappear from public view, although they deserve on grounds of literary merit to remain available.

We have a list of interesting possibilities for future titles. Nevertheless we would like to invite your readers to participate in the process of suggesting titles, and to let us know of any works of literature in the above category which they have discovered to be out of print and which, in their view, merit republication.

PETER GROSE

KATE MARSH

Martin Secker and Warburg Ltd,
54 Poland Street, London W1.

'Civill Considerations'

Sir, — The Folger Shakespeare Library of Washington, DC, owns two apparently identical copies of the English translation of Remigio Nannini's (c1521-81) book of precepts, *Civill Considerations*, published in London a few weeks after the ill-fated Essex rebellion of February 1601. The translator, W. T., seems to be William Traheron, not registered in the DNB (see my article in *Notes and Queries*, December 1981). Although opening with identical titles pages bearing the same date of publication, 1601, the two Folger copies representing two versions of the English Nannini differ as to the texts of their respective first chapters. One of the two books is rare in so far as there are only two other copies known extant at present (in Marist's Library, Dublin, and in the University of Illinois Library, Urbana) that preserve the text of the controversial and politically objectionable Chapter One. It argues, in a "Machiavellian" vein, that if a secret enterprise is to succeed, "it ought to be assembled, and absolutely died" (p. 1); moreover, "a lie may be so cunningly coloured and dissembled, that it may be taken for a truth" (p. 2).

Presumably as a consequence of official or self-imposed censorship, this material is no doubt considered unsuitable for publication in the tense political climate of the immediate post-Exeter period, was expurgated from the majority of copies of the English Nannini, while these

three rare copies preserving the original Chapter One but omitting Chapter Eighty managed to slip through "quality control" or the grip of censorship and have, luckily for us, survived to the present day. The other Folger copy, again, is one of those twenty-one known extant at present in which the "subversive" original Chapter One was cancelled and replaced with the "constructive" text of the original Chapter Eighty. It argues that, in order for a ruler to prevent the outbreak of a rebellion, he should heed "the advice and counsel of great Princes" (p. 1). None of these textual and bibliographical peculiarities is recorded in *A Short-Title Catalogue of Books Printed in England . . . 1475-1640* (2nd edn, 1976, p. 172, entry No 18348).

In addition to being censored or expurgated, this latter Folger copy is unique in so far as it is the only English Nannini containing a rare portrait of Elizabeth I, a black-and-white engraving (256 x 167 mm) unnoticed by art specialists. Although it lacks the artist's signature, our research has tentatively identified it as the work of James Hullett (d1771). It is a more or less exact inversion of an engraving produced by George Vertue (1684-1756) for Rapin and Tindal's folio-size *History of England* (1732). In F. M. O'Donoghue's *A Descriptive and Classified Catalogue of Portraits of Queen Elizabeth* (1894, p. 76), the Vertue, described in entry No 188, is followed by the only known description of the Hullett (entry No 189): "Exact copy from the last, reversed, same size. By J. Hullett". A detailed study has shown that not only are O'Donoghue's description and characteristics of the Hullett incorrect, for it is far from an "exact copy . . . reversed" of the Vertue but it contains at least ten more or less substantial

instances of departure from its model, the Vertue. Moreover O'Donoghue does not state when and where the Hullett was published, if at all.

The only complete Hullett print, and one of a somewhat better quality than the Folger portrait, has been located in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. Previously, this copy had been owned by Dr Richard Mead, who died in 1754. Not only are the Queen's features in the somewhat darker Windsor Hullett sharper than are those in the paler Folger portrait but the former, moreover, contains Hullett's name printed in the right bottom corner, while in the Folger copy the author's name, if ever it was there at all, seems to have been cut off so as to make the print fit the smaller size of the Nannini book. Nor are all measurements in the two prints identical.

There is no inner connection, at best only a synchroinal one, between the English Nannini of 1601 and the portrait created between 1732 and 1754, that is, from about 131 to 153 years later and, thus, not meant for general inclusion in the book. One of its later owners — signed on the title page is "Humphrey Fowle de Rotherfield", perhaps of the eighteenth century — may have had the picture bound in for the purpose of enhancing the value of his volume and, perhaps, pointing out that it had been published (and censored?) during the reign of Elizabeth I.

JAN SIMKO
Kent State University, Kent, Ohio 44242.

Synodal of Man by G. Wilson Knight, a notice of which appeared in our July 30 issue, is published in this country by Regency Press at £3.20.

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SABINE G. MACCORMACK

Art and Ceremony in Late Antiquity
417pp, plus 63 black-and-white
plates. University of California Press.
£27.75.
0 520 03779 0

Sabine Maccormack's *Art and Ceremony in Late Antiquity* is a study of changing conceptions of the Roman emperor's relation to his subjects from the fourth to the sixth century, as revealed in three recurring events: *adventus* (the emperor's arrival and formal welcome in a city), *conservatio* (the divinization of an emperor after his death) and the accession of a new emperor to the throne.

As the book's title implies, Maccormack enlists these three events ceremonially, although she never actually defines a ceremony. Yet the way in which the word is understood plays a crucial role in her perception of the subject and in our appraisal of the book. Webster's *New International Dictionary* (2nd edition) defines ceremony as "a formal act, in series of acts, often of a symbolic character, prescribed by law, custom, or authority".

In the conduct of important matters... and the celebration of notable events... By this or any similar definition, neither *adventus* nor accession is properly speaking, a ceremony. Accession means coming to power; it is a political act, and has nothing to do, intrinsically, with prescribed formal acts. This does not mean that it has nothing to do with them in practical terms. Historically, accession to the throne (as opposed to the less formal assumption of power in a nominally republican state) has always been surrounded with ceremony.

Nevertheless, there remains a fundamental distinction between accession and the ceremonies of accession, of which coronation is by far the most important. Coronation is by nature vestigial: it is a series of formal acts whose only purpose is to symbolize and confirm the reality of accession. Accession can take place without coronation, but coronation without accession - or the fiction of hope of accession - is meaningless.

Like accession, *adventus* has both existence and meaning apart from ceremony: when the ruler travels, he must arrive. Arrival gives rise to formal welcome almost as inevitably as accession gives rise to coronation, but the act of arrival and the ceremony it evokes are not identical. *Conservatio* is somewhat different. In its simplest form, that of a senatorial decree that the deceased emperor was now divine, it can be regarded as a ceremonial adjunct to the imperial funeral. It is nevertheless necessary to distinguish between the simple decree and the complex enactments which were often used to give physical reality to the emperor's apotheosis. In the strictest, most restrictive sense, the latter are more ceremonial than the former. In practice, to ignore the distinction is comparable to confusing accession and coronation. It means ignoring the difference between a political event and the formal acts which were elaborated around it.

This difference is above all visual. The purpose of imperial ceremony is to turn a political fact into an aesthetic and emotional experience by giving it visual and dramatic reality. In her Introduction, Maccormack explicitly acknowledges the importance of visual experience in Late Roman life, and repeatedly quotes Gibbon's phrase "splendid theatre" as a description of the imperial court. Yet by not distinguishing between the ceremonial aspects of an event and the event in its entirety, she obscures precisely the visual element which she sees as first to emphasize. The book will therefore disappoint a reader who, drawn by the title and introduction, expects a guide to the visual aspects of Late Roman ceremony. On this subject, Ramsey MacMullen's article "Some Pictures in Ammianus Marcellinus" (*The Art Bulletin*, 46, 1964, pp 435-55), is much more illuminating.

Maccormack's actual purpose is very different. The three events which

sic truces were all occasions on which the emperor was praised according to established conventions. The main form which this praise took was that of orations called panegyrics. Political doctrines similar to those expressed in the panegyrics were also elaborated in visual images, either allegorically or through direct representation of the event. What Maccormack sets out to do is to analyse panegyric and imperial art as complementary expressions of Late Roman political thought.

The book's argument is difficult to follow. Maccormack's prose can be opaque. For example, "The ceremonial of *adventus* at its different stages of development showed a society capable of integration vis-à-vis its gods and rulers, and within its own different parts." Her conclusions can seem too abstract, as on the many occasions when she refers to the establishment of "a relationship between the emperor and his subjects", as though that were an end in itself, without saying what kind of relationship. There is a lack of clear inference which often makes it virtually impossible to see how one sentence or paragraph follows from another. Nevertheless, several major themes emerge: perhaps the most important being the changing meaning of *consensus*, a central concept in Roman political thought. In the earlier days of the empire, the emperor's power was intimately linked, at least in theory, to the support of the populace and to their active participation in the process of being ruled. In contrast, the Byzantine state was based on a "hierarchy of God, emperor, and subjects, where the subjects... remain inert".

Within the framework of this evolution, the three main sections of the book complement each other: each event shows a different facet of the change from Roman to Byzantine concepts of the emperor's role. In *adventus*, the crucial change is from the Tetrarchic and fourth-century idea of continual movement through the empire as both the real and the symbolic fulfilment of the emperor's responsibilities, to "the circumstances of the early fifth century when emperors lived in capitals and delegated military operations to generals". *Conservatio* and imperial funerals generally, which provided an opportunity to formulate the emperor's relation to the gods or to God, reveal two fundamental shifts. The first is from the human to the divine election of the emperor. "In the first and second centuries the pattern of the emperor's life had dictated that he be chosen by the people and, in some way, by the gods... rule and be rewarded for his deeds with *conservatio* after his death. This pattern changed in the third, and especially the fourth centuries: emperors who were already the chosen of the gods had no need of *conservatio* and the human approval which it implied, because to an increasing degree a supra-human status became theirs at the moment of accession."

The second shift is a consequence of the rise of Christianity. The concepts and symbols through which the emperor had been seen (and depicted in art) as the centre of the cosmos were transferred to Christ, *rex regnantium* ("King of those who rule"). At the same time, the emperor was incorporated into a hierarchical scheme implying a far more direct and explicit continuity between heaven and earth than any formulation of pagan imperial theology. Finally, in accession, the significant change is from a military to a civilian conception of power. This is visible in the actual ceremonial practice of raising the new emperor on a shield and crowning him with a torque are first subsumed into a developing urban, civilian and Christian ceremonial, and finally abandoned altogether. The emphasis on military victory as a concomitant to the assumption of power is thereby modified. "Victory has become more metaphysical in this context, and [the late fifth and early sixth-century emperor] Ariadne, who would not lead an army, was crowned nonetheless, like the emperor, by soldiers in whose hands the hippodrome had become the scene of victory as it had become the scene of

elections; the hippodrome supplanted the military camp, as the people supplanted the soldiers."

Panegyric and imperial art belong to the realm of propaganda; both their style and content are rigidly controlled. Maccormack warns us of this, yet despite her own warnings she seems continually to ignore the distinction between political fiction and political reality. Speaking of *adventus*, she says, "The formal welcome of the *de facto* emperor was obligatory. Nevertheless, to be accepted as valid, as not exhorting by a tyrant, it had to have an air of spontaneity." But after quoting from a panegyrist's description of one such occasion, she comments, "It was a spontaneous, inspired consensus *universorum*..." The occasion to which she refers is Julian's arrival at Antioch in 362, but no allusion is made to conditions in the city at that time. Antioch was experiencing severe economic difficulties, and the populace doubtless welcomed the opportunity to petition the emperor directly. At the same time, most of that populace was Christian, and therefore deeply opposed to Julian's religious policies. Such cross-currents would have been conducive to many kinds of spontaneous behaviour, but when Maccormack speaks of *consensus* in this context one can only assume that she means the fiction of *consensus*. It is unfortunate that she nowhere states this explicitly. To do so, far from damaging her arguments, might actually strengthen them: one way of measuring the importance of a political fiction is by the extent to which it flies in the face of reality.

The section on *conservatio* has a similar failing. Maccormack refers on several occasions to the judgment passed on the dead emperor, seen in terms of the alternatives *conservatio* and *damnatio memoriae*. The former entails "the honorable burial of recognized emperors", the latter "the scattering of the ashes or bones of one labelled as a tyrant or usurper". She presents this as a real choice, the result of senatorial scrutiny and evaluation, and ignores the extent to which the verdict on the departed emperor reflected the will of his successor. In our own century, the vicissitudes of Stalin's reputation are a reminder of the way in which the posthumous fate of a ruler can be shaped by the realities of power.

Maccormack's wish to integrate verbal and visual material is praiseworthy, but her treatment of art is marred by many serious errors of fact and interpretation. On p 31 she rewords the famous statement by far the least realistic major style in all of Late Antiquity. On p 38 a coin of Constantine is used to illustrate a passage from Eusebius which describes that emperor "looking upwards eagerly". In fact, this coin shows him with his face lowered, so that the slightly upturned eyes make his gaze barely level with the ground. The choice of this example is inexplicable, since coins and medallions depicting Constantine in the attitude described by Eusebius are not lacking; one of the most striking is in the Cabinet de Médailles. On p 43 the *adlocutio* and *largitio* panels from the Arch of Constantine are said to exemplify an "unselfconscious familiarity". Constantine's dealings with his subjects. It is hard to imagine a stiffer ruler and more regimented relation between ruler and ruled than these reliefs express. On p 70 the bronze statue of an emperor at Barletta is said to be "holding a globe and long sceptre or standard". Both arms are in fact restored, so however likely he is to have held those attributes, there is no way of knowing for sure. On p 74 Maccormack quotes from Procopius describing the Chalki mosaic depicting Justinian and Theodora at the centre of an elaborate victory celebration. The mosaic is no longer extant, and is known only from Procopius' account. Yet Maccormack says that it "had a high degree of realism, in that it incorporated historical personages and even portrayed their mood". To assert the realism of any work of art on the basis of a written description alone is rash. As a student of artificiality,



A marble bust of a lady, Justinianic work from Constantinople, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; reproduced from Cornelia C. Verneuil's Greek and Roman Sculpture in America (41pp, with 40 half-tone illustrations and 30 in colour, University of California Press, £37.50, 0 520 04324 3).

Maccormack should know that in this period the representation and description of moods was governed by a set of conventions as artificial as any in panegyric. Finally, on p 220 the silver *missorium* of Theodosius I is said to depict "the moment when the emperor acquired tenure of the palace". This is not true: it represents the bestowal of an imperial commission on an official. It may be relevant to the study of accession, but it does not depict accession, and the blurring of this distinction serves no useful purpose.

Missapprehensions like these do great harm to Maccormack's arguments, since they are bound to undermine the reader's confidence in her ability to handle visual material. Even when her visual analyses are valid, they tend to be mechanical and jejune, as though motivated less by appreciation than by a search for the most literal of one-to-one correspondences between art and panegyric. Thus in commenting on a passage from Claudius which compares Honorius appearing before the people to a sacred image brought out of its shrine, she notes that according to Ammianus Marcellinus the emperor could deliberately hold himself immobile, in imitation of a work of art. She concludes: "There is thus a connection between Claudius' Honorius and the statuesque emperors... on the obelisk base of Theodosius and the column base of Arcadius in Constantinople." A connection, yes, but only of the most superficial kind.

Is there a more fruitful way of approaching the problem of the relation between art and ceremony in Late Antiquity or in general? One possibility is to begin with ceremony itself. Its purpose - here of course I refer to state ceremony, especially that of the Late Roman Empire - is to concretize and adorn the realities of power. This purpose is accomplished in three ways, or on three levels. These levels do not constitute types of ceremony; though different types of ceremony inevitably operate on exclusive levels. They are not mutually intended to suggest a hierarchy of importance, since all are essential aspects of ceremony as a whole.

makes it clear that a Late Roman *adventus* was both a visually compelling event and also, by design, a frightening one.

These three levels of ceremony have their counterparts in art. On the first level there is depiction of the ceremony itself, a reminder of the ceremony, and hence of the supposed power and stability of the institutions for which the ceremony stands. The fourth-century reliefs on the Arch of Constantine, or the mosaics of Justinian and Theodora in the Church of S Vitale in Ravenna, may be understood on this level. On the second level, the emphasis shifts from literal representation to symbolic gesture and detail. It could be argued that the artistic counterpart to the second level of ceremony need not represent the ceremony directly, so long as it expresses the same ideas as the ceremony. Images of the emperor, endowed with symbols of power and victory, such as one finds on consular diptychs, exemplify this level of representation.

The third level seems identical to the first, since it involves the depiction of ceremony rather than the expression of ideas through symbolism. In fact, it could not be more different. On this level, art does not simply recall the event, but attempts to embody those aspects of it which impress themselves most directly on the viewer. By means of form and composition it is possible to capture the intense, often intimidating artificiality that sets ceremony apart from everyday action. This is most clearly to be seen in the depiction of processions: the movement of the eye over long lines of figures creates a rhythm analogous to that of figures moving in actuality. Just as the intensity of a ceremony depends in great measure on disciplined uniformity of movement, the intensity of its artistic re-creation is regulated by the extent to which the artist imposes on the scene those patterns and rhythms which convey a single ordered flow of events.

Considered purely in terms of this effect, the most successful work of ceremonial art is probably not any of the Greco-Roman work, but rather the Achaemenid reliefs from Persepolis. Such single-mindedness, extending in many cases to the lack of differentiation between figures, seems largely alien to the classical tradition. The processional frieze from the Parthenon adopts a far looser and more relaxed approach to ceremony, and the sacrificial procession on the *Ara Pacis* in Rome tempers its high seriousness with the addition of informal elements. Only in the sixth century, with the procession of saints in the Church of S Apollinare Nuovo in Ravenna, does order take unquestioned precedence.

In both art and ceremony, the counterpart to disciplined movement is disciplined stillness. The enthroned emperor expresses a power and transcendence analogous to that of the imperial procession. Whereas the effect of a procession is conveyed by restricting the eye to a single rhythm, the effect of a static scene is conveyed by the imposition of a single point of view. This is accomplished chiefly through symmetry and frontality. The *adlocutio* and *largitio* scenes on the Arch of Constantine, and the *missorium* and obelisk base of Theodosius, clearly illustrate this approach to the depiction of ceremony. Finally, special attention should be paid to the mosaics of Justinian and Theodora in S Vitale. By depicting the two processions frontally, the mosaicist has brought together the static and dynamic currents in Late Antique ceremonial art. This imaginative response to the traditional demands of ceremony is probably unique in its time.

The question of the relation of art and ceremony, in any age, remains unanswered, not because it is unanswerable but because it is actually many questions. An awareness of the levels on which ceremony operates, and on which it is echoed in art, can help define the fields of study which larger questions encompass. In particular, it can make clear the difference between two equally valid approaches to the study of ceremony: as a part of the history of ideas; and as an attempt to understand that most elusive of connections in the arts, the connection between form and meaning.

INDOCHINA

The promise of chaos

Alan Davidson

NORMAN LEWIS

A Dragon Apparent: Travels in Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam
317pp, Eland Books, 53 Eland Road, London SW11 5JX, £3.95.
0 907871 00 3

Norman Lewis's visit to Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos in 1950 resulted in a vivid and thoughtful book, which has acquired additional significance over the past three decades. A series of carefully observed pictures of Indochina before the defeat of the French at Dien Bien Phu and the internationalization of the war in Vietnam is of obvious value to the historian.

I lived and travelled in Indochina for two years in the mid 1970s and by then many more dragons were apparent. Lewis records very occasional encounters with American missionaries and one encounter with an American journalist. Apparently there were no Russians, the Chinese were invisible (apart from emigrants) and the United Nations organizations which were later to be so widely

represented in the region - which might be thought of as beneficent dragons - were not yet present.

Since so many of the principals in the Indochina drama were still off-stage, the French retained a lead role; the descriptions given by Lewis of his encounters with them are perceptive and illuminating. He brings out well the wry intelligence with which most of them assessed the situation and the prospects; the fundamental impossibility of their position; and the reasons why they, like other westerners after them, found elements of paradise in their exotic environment, even though it was clear that chaos was imminent. Despite the great differences of attitude between the French and the Americans, there are many scenes in which only a small effort of the imagination is needed to substitute the latter. Lewis was taken by some Frenchmen west from Saigon to Tay-Ninh, the headquarters of the strange Cao-Daist religion in which Victor Hugo is one of the principal saints. The road was punctuated by watch-towers, and he was told that control of the area passed to the Viet-Minh by night. In the 1970s the towers were still there and the commentary was almost identical; but the Americans rather than the French

were now the power behind the scene during daylight.

Lewis dramatically describes some fleeting contacts with the Viet-Minh - a forlorn figure on a miniature scale of a pattern which was to become highly familiar. The careful selection of such Viet-Minh (or, in Laos, Pathet Lao) as were allowed to parley with the outside world, the stage management of the encounters and the hush content of the conversations which resulted were all to become standard practice. A visit to Angkor Wat is conveyed in a fine piece of writing, studded with glittering descriptions and bizarre anecdotes; but it was written at a time when such a visit could be made with relative ease, and in ignorance of the impending disappearance from the tourist map of what had long been the single greatest sight of the region.

The ethnic composition of Indochina is a confusing one, partly because there are dozens of small, distinct ethnic groups which may comprise only a few thousand people each, and partly because one major group, the Lao, spills over into both China and Thailand. Indeed, even before the recent exodus of refugees, there were far more Lao outside Laos than within the country. Despite their failure to accommodate themselves to national

boundaries and other constraints of modern life - or perhaps because of this failure - the Lao have generally been regarded as the most amiable of the Indochinese. Lewis is among their admirers and gives an excellent, although slightly idealized, account of their social structure and traditional way of life. He remarks that: "The accumulation of wealth which is not to be used for definite, approved purposes, causes a man to lose prestige among his neighbours, just as in the West the process is reversed. The main difference, it seems, between Buddhism in Indochina, and Christianity - apart from any question as to their relative merits - is that, whether we admire it or not, the former is largely put into practice."

It was not uncommon in Laos to find westerners who had been there for years saying that they understood the Lao less and less as time passed, or more precisely that they realized more and more how much there was that they never had understood and never would understand. Had Lewis spent an entire year in the region he might have had less to tell us. But *A Dragon Apparent* would have gained in one respect: the full importance of the seasons and the annual cycle of festivals and ceremonies (which in Laos used to include not only pirotechnics and rocket competitions but also a serious to the Royal elephants) would have emerged more clearly.

However, even this is not overlooked. Quotations from the works of earlier travellers in Indochina are used to good effect, and the book as a whole is a shining example of how a travel writer can increase, by study of other people's works, the illuminating effect of his own writing without detracting from the freshness of his immediate impressions. Only when writing about food and eating habits is Lewis occasionally perfunctory or casual. But that is a field in which very little of any use had been written previously, and what he does say about the hospitality given to him by, for example, the "last tribes" of the Mont, has definite value. Indeed, he shows himself fully aware throughout the book of the opportunities which he had to record vanishing customs. For this and for many other reasons, not least the pleasure afforded by the artistry and craftsmanship of his writing, Eland Books deserve a garland of coriander and a toast in *"Mekong whisky"* for republishing *A Dragon Apparent*.

Chams and shamans

Dennis J. Duncanson

GERALD CANNON HICKEY

Sons of the Mountains: Ethnohistory of the Vietnamese Central Highlands to 1954
488pp, Yale University Press, £31.50.
0 300 02453 3

During the Vietnam wars, it has been easy to overlook the fact that a third of Cambodia, two-thirds of Vietnam and four-fifths of Laos are inhabited by ethnic minorities mobilized, and sometimes blown up, by the contestants for power but never consulted about the issues at stake. Ho Chi Minh's first national liberation force consisted predominantly of tribesmen from the uplands bordering China. Gerald Cannon Hickey is the leading American anthropologist in the field of Vietnamese studies. He is best known for his work on the South Vietnamese themselves, but he has also spent nine years among the unlettered hill peoples of central Vietnam - the Rhade and Jarai, the Bahnar, Sedang and others. *Sons of the Mountains* is an attempt to provide them with a history in keeping with the national aspirations he discerns at the core of their social development during four decades of warfare.

The hill peoples inhabit a world of jungle, slash-and-burn tillage, long houses on stilts, inheritance through women, shamanism (all male), elders called "father of" instead of "son of" and - despite homogeneous material culture - widely differing language groups, members of which readily learn the tongue of neighbours but no less readily raid and enslave one another. The Chinese knew about these peoples 1,500 years ago; and medieval Chams and Khmers (Angkor) came up from the

plains to fight in the hill country. After the Vietnamese had conquered the Chams, they claimed a sort of protectorate over the area. French missionaries arrived in 1842, to be followed in the 1870s by explorers and adventurers - among them the absurd Baron de Mayréna, Roi des Sedang, mimicking the white rajahs of Siam - and finally by French administrators joining up the spheres of control over the plains peoples of Cambodia and Vietnam.

The residents fell into two parties - the dual-mandate party who were bent on development in the common interest of natives and colonizers, and what might be termed the museum-curator party, bent on conserving the quaint traditions of their charges about which they could claim unique knowledge. Education and public health on the whole flourished, as did a new system of justice, operating through native courts applying customary law - until, that is, the Japanese war and the advent of the Vietnamese Communist Party.

French academic literature provides Hickey with sources for the past, and his own field-work furnishes information for the 1950s. Notes on these various sources take up much of the text, but there is too great a reliance on points of trifling detail. Hickey makes frequent reference to the cross-tribal ramifications of chiefly families, but devotes only one page to everyday kinship and marriage ties. Moreover, there is no direct observation of shamans at work; instead, the author relies on French accounts not related to the wider anthropology on the subject. The omission is unfortunate because of the political importance, past and present, of the *sadus* of the Jarai, which he acknowledges. These three Kings of Fire, Water and Wind were (and are?), he says, "special shamans", yet he does not pause to speculate what singled them out from

lowlier shamans, how wide their influence extended, nor why the obviously puzzled courts of both Cambodia and Vietnam assigned to relations with them the same pretensions diplomatic forms as they used with other more distant, literate, princes.

For many readers, the interest of Vietnam begins after 1954 - when the US Special Forces operated among these sons of the mountains. That period is to be dealt with in a second volume, *Fire in the Forest*, but one lesson emerges from the first volume: the intractability of Vietnamese expansion over the centuries, from the original home in Tonkin, throughout Indochina. Hickey believes the hill peoples have been finding a "national" identity, and it appears that the "resistance" to colonial assimilation which the Vietnamese communists vaunt as their own historic virtue is at work today against themselves.

C. Day-Lewis An English Literary Life Sean Day-Lewis

C. Day-Lewis made a reputation as one of the 'thirties poets' - the group that included W. H. Auden, Louis MacNeice and Stephen Spender - whilst writing successful detective stories under the pseudonym of Nicholas Blake. Sean, his eldest son, tells the complex story of his life with a mixture of affection and detachment. He makes full use of his father's previously unpublished letters and the autobiographical content of his verse and prose.

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Frank Tuohy

CHRISTY BROWN

A Promising Career

248pp. Secker and Warburg. £7.50.
0 436 07097 9

Christy Brown, who first came to general notice with the publication of *Down all the Days*, died a year ago. His last novel, *A Promising Career*, is the first of his books to be set outside his native Ireland and it deals, though at some remove, with the world of pop singers in Britain.

The career in question is that of a young singer, Janice, and perhaps also of her talented song-writer husband. Art, who accompanies her singing on the guitar. The ups and downs of their marriage are contrasted with the general moral decline of their age. Simon Sandford, a rich man with peculiar tastes, who neglects his dying wife and goes in for sadomasochistic relationships — first with a black South African girl and later with the family on pair, a Wagnerian German lady who finally takes him over and fulfils his fantasies.

Christy Brown's early writing triumphed over devastating physical disability and an impoverished background. He was fortunate only in that the moral traditions of Catholicism provided him with twenty-two siblings who helped him to survive. In addition, as a native Irishman, he had the ability to translate into coherent and rhythmic prose some of the untidily fluent speech — that sense of talking your way into life — which was part of the surrounding scene. His later separation from this source was perhaps inevitable, but the abandonment of whatever experience, even indirect, that gave him proves in the event to have been disastrously mistaken.

Paperback fiction in brief

Patricia Craig

WILLIA CATHER

My Mortal Enemy

122pp. Virago. £2.50.
0 86068 246 3

In this short novel, first published in 1926, Willa Cather empties her narrative of everything not essentially relevant to the story: an exercise in strict economy of content. The "story" — a romantic one, about an elopement and consequent disinherence — is Myra Henshaw's, and it is told in the first person by a young girl who meets the central character only twice, but finds her understanding and perception enlarged by the encounters.

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

The Leavenworth Case

331pp. Constable. £3.75.
0 486 23865 2

The Leavenworth Case is one of the more celebrated curiosities of detective fiction: its early date (1878) makes it the first detective novel by a woman to be published in book form. Moreover it presents, albeit in a rudimentary way, a number of the features later associated with the genre: painstaking investigation, emphasis on clues ("I see a faint line of smut near one of the chambers"), an apparently distinguished hero (the New York Inspector Graves), a little ponderous, and often unintentionally funny, it is nevertheless a good early example of the genre.

RADCLIFFE HALL

The Well of Loneliness

447pp. Virago. £3.50.
0 86068 254 4

First published in 1928 and subsequently banned, *The Well of Loneliness* excited disapproval and interest for non-literary reasons. It is of course the archetypal lesbian novel, the one whose title, at least, is familiar to everyone. It's the story of Stephen

Nowadays aspiring writers often show competence coupled with an impression of complete falsity, which is quite different from the lapses into cliché or melodrama which on occasion afflicted even the most distinguished writers of the past. Lung scenes are presented in which nothing comes to life, in which zombie-like characters exchange unnaturally informative dialogue. The influence comes from television. Throughout *A Promising Career* it is pervasive, in spite of the impressively elaborate surface of the prose. Only romantic fiction of the Carland Mills & Boon type works by impression: other popular writers get their effects by knowingsness — hence the "researched" novel with its flaunted expertise. But *A Promising Career* offers no information about contracts or recording sessions. Everything is vague, with the possible exception of the sexual encounters.

Pornographic fiction seems to demand parody, and a number of humorous writers have taken shots at it. I wanted to believe that this was what was happening here, but the stylistic connections with the rest of the novel forbid such an interpretation. The prose style goes over the top early on, and it remains there.

What we have, then, is a literary curiosity, one which is the result of a talent moving blindly in the wrong direction — a work, in short, that can only do damage to the reputation created by Christy Brown's earlier books. The Irish literary tradition is a fairly strong one, but the antecedents of *A Promising Career* are not to be found there. I was reminded, however, of another figure, indubitably Irish but too often forgotten. Perhaps the works of Mrs Amundia Ross, the post-mistress of Larnie, author of *Frene Idleness* and *Pecunia of Puncture*, should be revived as a warning for every new literary generation.

Gordon who looks like a man when she wears women's clothes, and vice versa, what poor Stephen has to contend with, though, is more than a problem of dressing. Homosexuality makes her very unhappy, and she suffers extravagantly and luridly. The book is all blighted amorosness and overwrought inversion. Fortunately the sub-genre it engendered often takes itself less seriously: we find Nancy Spain, for example, in 1949, mischievously commemorating Radcliffe Hall in the name of an imaginary girls' school — thus called, she assured her readers, "more for the red cliffs of clay upon which it was built than for any other reason".

EUDORA WELTY

The Robber Bridegroom

185pp. Virago. £2.95.
0 86068 290 0

The Robber Bridegroom (first published in 1942) takes its material from the standard European fairy tale: heartless stepmother, hard tasks, hazardous journeys, talking heads, picturesque violence, good fortune. Its heroine, Rosamond, is an incantous as Red Riding Hood, as lucky as Cinderella and as useful about the house as Snow White. Eudora Welty reassembles the traditional, rich ingredients in an American setting to make an original fantasy.

EUDORA WELTY

Delta Wedding

247pp. Virago. £2.95.
0 86068 289 7

Like *The Robber Bridegroom* which preceded it, *Delta Wedding* (1945) is full of extraordinary vigour, charm and effervescence. A volatile family, in the grip of excitement over an approaching social event — the wedding of the seventeen-year-old daughter Dabney — is at the centre of the novel; the year is 1923 and the setting, as usual, the Mississippi delta. Eudora Welty deals with a succession of belated moments without, in the least, producing an impression of surfeit.

The pre-nuptial small print

Linda Taylor

BARBARA HOWELL

A Mere Formality

267pp. Hodder & Stoughton. £7.95.
0 340 28375 0

In a feminist climate where men and women are supposedly equal, a pre-nuptial agreement is a reasonable and necessary prerequisite for marriage. "Everyone", Cynthia argues with herself, "was drawing up marriage contracts lately and she had no grounds for wanting to be different. Why, after all, should a man be required to pay for a woman divorcing him? Cynthia reads the small print: 'The terms were clear (and reasonable): if she divorced him, she got nothing. If she stayed until he died, she would be a very rich woman.' Fat, slippery Clay, Cynthia's elderly boyfriend (he's in his fifties, she's thirty-eight), had already been stung — badly; his first wife, Marion, had received an excessively large settlement on the break-up of their marriage, and had then proceeded to marry the even richer Hank, executive of Bellamy Plastics, Florida. Clay had no intention of repeating his ignominious experience but he did want Cynthia. The agreement was "a mere formality".

In Barbara Howell's first novel, set on the East Coast of the United States (Welford, Long Island; Park Avenue, Manhattan; Boca Raton, Florida), feminism is less a rationale than a faint lightning flash; the weather, according to Marion, is altogether patriarchal. Marion, the intellectual (she is, or was, writing a thesis on Camus), has it all worked out in her note book; the hierarchical pattern is simple: "God — Nature; Man — Society; Woman — the Home." What she omits to tell us, and herself, is that God, among the million-

dollar deals of Florida and New York, is not the one who busies himself about the lilies of the field; he is Mammon. And to Mammon, male and female alike are bending the knee.

Cynthia, a divorced Welford shopkeeper, is lured, initially, not so much by Clay's wealth as by her trust in his love for her; like everybody else, she's lonely. The pre-nuptial agreement destroys her illusions: it was "a straightforward declaration of mistrust", Cynthia is corrupted; she turns from being a big-bosomed, comfortable (and sensual) homemaker into a vengeful spendthrift. Lushly decked out in silk couture dresses, mink coat, gold and pearls, she spends hundreds of thousands of dollars on re-designing and decorating Clay's Manhattan apartment. Her daughter Beth, meanwhile, seduces Clay and proceeds to blackmail him.

Poor, innocent Clay, who "sincerely believed he was an easy man to live with", pours out his heart to a bereaved Marion (Hank has died of a brain tumour), and the would-be feminist tries to buy Cynthia off (\$750,000 to divorce Clay, so that she, Marion, can have him back). While Marion is turning her patriarchal theory on its head, however, Cynthia holds the trump card: she refuses the money, divorces Clay and liberates them all.

E. ARNOT ROBERTSON

Four Frightened People

349pp. Virago. £3.50.
0 86068 280 3

The four frightened people of E. Arnot Robertson's title (the novel, her third, first appeared in 1931) have plenty to contend with — bubonic plague behind them, the rigours of a Malaysian jungle before them. Their trials form a pretext for a certain amount of deep thinking, lush feeling, and not-too-resolute character analysis on the part of the author. The result is rather like a *Capitav* serial with hygienic-erotic overtones.

MARILYNNE ROBINSON

Housekeeping

187pp. Penguin. £2.25.
0 14 00 6026

Marlynne Robinson's first novel, published by Fohet last year and now published in a King Penguin edition, deals with the odd upbringing of two young sisters in North American lakeside town. Ruth and Lucille Stone, after their mother's suicide, come into the care of an itinerant aunt who makes prodigious efforts to curb her instincts for vagrancy. Written in grave, lucid, unembellished prose, *Housekeeping* fits its disconcerting theme into an elegant framework.

Along with the cash flow, the purchasing power, the shoppers and the shop-keepers, Barbara Howell underlines the pursuit of Mammon and reversals of ideology by del visual strokes that delineate her character's appearance and ambience. She looks at their eyes, their clothes, their physique, their furniture; what the worldly Madame Marie in *The Power of a Lady* called "the whole ensemble of circumstances". Clay, for instance, has "protecting arms and warm pockets". And, when Cynthia meets Marion for the first time, she "had expected a wiry, tough woman. Ph.D. in a suit who had had dinner with presidents and queens. What she saw was a small, menopausal lady with a scrawny neck and too much eye makeup."

In a world of velvet pockets and scrawny necks, Cynthia's strength lies in her mediocrity (ironically, it's what first attracted Clay to her). She triumphs, finally, is a relative and summed up in the re-naming of her shop — "The Sunny Gownier" becoming "Sunnier". Cynthia may not have made a giant step for feminism, but "most days she actually felt happy". Amongst the novelistic gloom of many of her contemporaries, Howell's degree of cheer is welcome and never mawkish.

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Being a man

T. O. Treadwell

WILLIAM HOFFMAN

The Land That Drank the Rain

245pp. Louisiana State University Press. £10.50.
0 8071 1004 3

The Land that Drank the Rain is a novel about guilt and fear and the exorcising of these demons. It is an American novel, and the exorcism takes a romantic form which has always been masterfully attractive in the United States: the retirement to a life of isolation and self-sufficiency in the wilderness, and the achievement of wisdom and peace through submission to the rhythms of the natural world. William Hoffman understands the potency of this idea, but his novel is controlled by the awareness that the ideal is unrealizable and perhaps undesirable.

Clayton Carson is a rich Californian property developer, proud of his pioneer ancestors who made the great westward trek across mountain and desert in the hard days of the last century. As the book opens he has journeyed in the opposite direction, from a California grown prosperous and corrupt to the depressed and ruined coal country of the Cumberland Mountains in Eastern Kentucky, where he has bought a few acres of useless land high on the hillside. His first act on arriving is to burn his Cadillac and his credit cards so as to begin his new life unencumbered and clean.

Carson's wish is to isolate himself absolutely. He goes as infrequently as possible into the local town and when he does so he pretends to be a mute so as to avoid communication with the natives. He builds himself a house from stones taken from the stream that runs through his land and makes a garden from which to feed himself — the fascination of this kind of do-it-yourselfery is unfailing and Hoffman describes it very well.

Carson's reason for cutting himself off so absolutely from the rest of the world is made apparent gradually as the novel proceeds. We learn that he has been married to Bea, a domineering painter, and that during their sexual experiments Carson has discovered in himself strong impulses towards homosexuality and transgression. He responds to this recognition of his own nature with deep disgust and a vivid sense of his own damnation; despair and shame drive him to self-exile in his mountain hermitage.

From the start, Carson's quest for absolute isolation is a failure. The town postmaster insists on delivering his

mail and overrides with indignation Carson's plea that he doesn't want it. The local bureaucracy takes an interest in him — the symbolic burning of his Cadillac results in the threat of a fine for car-dumping and he gets into difficulty over his property taxes. The most persistent disturber of Carson's solitude, though, is an eccentric and rootless young man who bears the bizarre but authentically hill-billy name Vestil Skunk.

Desperate to escape the dull hopelessness of life in the mountains, Vestil bullies Carson and then rapes him, but Carson's feelings for the boy gradually turn from fear to interest and sympathy, and at the story's violent climax he undergoes the shame of publicly admitting his homosexuality, and the pain of a knife wound, so as to make possible Vestil's escape. In so doing, he masters his own fear and is able to face a return to the world of men.

The real subject of *The Land that Drank the Rain* is manhood. The two important female characters, Carson's wife Bea and a local brothel keeper called Lily Lena, are both vampire figures, draining strength and life from the men they hold in thrall. Carson's mountain isolation is a retreat and a penance, but it is also a return to a way of life where male values are powerful and clear. "The first duty of man is to be a man", Carson says after he has been frightened and humiliated by "It's so simple and right. Men have to be men. If that's lost, there's no more places in the wilderness, and there are craves, even vicious, and there are moments when the novel's misogyny becomes disturbing. Hoffman is aware, though, that what it means to be a man is not at all simple to determine, and this sense of ambiguity saves his story from sliding into the sexual tyranny that some of his attitudes imply.

The most successful thing about *The Land that Drank the Rain* (the annoyingly pretentious and irrelevant title) is its Appalachian setting. The misery and meanness of life in the mountains are excellently conveyed, particularly in a brilliant chapter describing the hysterical fervour of Carson's backwoods prayer meeting. To achieve salvation by living the life of nature in this environment is an enterprise that is full of irony, and Hoffman manages his ironies with tact and skill.

A special "Grace Paley issue" of *Daily* (the review of the Centre D'Études de Recherches sur les écrivains de l'État) has been published. The issue contains a story by Paley and a story by Laila Wajsbø, Montpelier, has recently published (No 14, May 1982). The issue contains an interview with Paley and a story by Laila Wajsbø on her fiction, and a bibliography.

A second theme that appears in many of her articles is that all consumption has a social purpose. In discussing poverty in the Western world, she rightly rejects the idea that it depends merely on people having too little money to provide nourishment and accommodation adequate for their physical health. She also dismisses the idea that poverty is relative, since this fails to define the condition and implies that people feel poor merely because they see others as richer than themselves. Her own thesis, is that

everyone needs goods in order to facilitate interactions with others. "All consumption activity is a ritual presentation and sharing of goods classified as appropriate to particular social categories which themselves get defined and graded in the process." Although people in the West give and receive gifts, and although in their choice of clothes, food and drink, furniture, and pictures they may be making a statement about themselves, it is surely not true that all consumption has a social objective. There are some who buy flowers or books or records merely because they like them and not as a means of communicating with others. She claims that those economists who sneer at luxury goods are misguided because they ignore the social functions of goods, but there are surely better ways of communicating than by attempting to keep up with or surpass the Joneses. The main disappointment in her essay on poverty, however, is that having accused others of failing to define it, she herself provides no adequate definition or method of measurement. It is an interesting thought that someone is poor who has insufficient resources to maintain his dignity, but dignity cannot be measured in pounds or dollars.

In an entertaining essay on food as a system of communication, the forbidding sub-heading "Methodological Problems" again appears. The problem of how to obtain accurate information on the eating habits of the British working class was solved by the rather obvious expedient of getting a student to become a lodger in four different households. He ate with the families and recorded, presumably in the privacy of his own room, the daily fare. With considerable resource, Mary Douglas was able to discern many repeating patterns in the system of meals. On Sundays, the main meal (A) was taken at 12.30, and consisted of a joint, potatoes, green vegetables and thick gravy, followed by pudding with custard or fruit salad with cream, and finishing with a hot drink and biscuits. A lesser meal (B) was eaten around 5.30 with fish or eggs or baked beans accompanied by bread, followed by bread and jam and sometimes by tea and biscuits. The last meal of the day comprised a cup of tea or cocoa and biscuits. In both meals A and B she claims that as the courses proceed, the visual pattern of the food on the plate becomes increasingly orderly, the tastes, and they become progressively more desiccated, though it is unclear why she considers fruit salad and cream a drier dish than meat and potatoes. The same progression can be observed through a sequence of meals, though only at weekends since on week-days the order of meals A and B was reversed. Moreover, the meals that mark the major events of a lifetime start with the sweet Christmas cake and end with the savoury funeral baked meats. She also claims that the staple item in each course of meals A and B is always accompanied by a dressing, gravy, custard or cream, and chocolate or sugar icing on the biscuits; although no firm data are provided, the households under investigation apparently eschewed tea biscuits. She argues that for a meal to be seen as a meal it must conform to a set pattern and the pattern must differ between meals. For the latter reason, bread takes the place of potatoes in meal B. The reader may well be able to think of other reasons why bread should supplant potatoes — nobody wants to eat potatoes all the time let alone go to the trouble of peeling them twice a day. Apart from the fact that Mary Douglas disregards exceptions and forces some of the evidence to make it conform to the structure she wishes to impose, the meals eaten by the upper-middle-class have no such clear-cut pattern. Although they may start (and end) with either a sweet or savoury dish, they are still counted as meals.

Mary Douglas is conscious of the frivolity of her findings, since she remarks that the "may seem trivial to anyone who is not interested in problems of identity and analogy". Unfortunately, she declines to define these problems let alone inform her readers what new light her findings throw on them. Of more importance

SOCIAL STUDIES

MARY DOUGLAS

In the Active Voice
366pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul.
1981.
0 7100 9065 X

It's always of interest to peep over an academic fence and look at what is growing in the garden of a neighbouring discipline. Mary Douglas's garden is perhaps not typical of social anthropologists: it contains many exotic plants, some of which seem destined to die young, and it lacks two of the more common anthropological blooms — the study of kinship and political practice. She is best known for her work on pollution and taboo, but in recent years she has been influenced by sociologists and ethnomethodologists like Basil Bernstein and Harold Garfinkel.

In the Active Voice is a collection of miscellaneous articles, two of which first appeared in the *TLS*. They do not make easy reading, since Mary Douglas has a clumsy style and is given to inventing her own jargon as she goes along. In so far as they have any common theme it is that in analysing culture one should take into account the intentions and aims of individuals and the strategies by which they achieve their goals. Mary Douglas maintains that the beliefs and habits of a given culture are neither determined by the material environment nor by blind chance, but are developed to serve the goals of that culture and in particular to promote the ways in which its members interact and are accountable to one another. One of her students once asked her whether recognizing that people were active agents actually helped to achieve a better analysis of culture or whether it just made her feel good. The question is a fair one, since, in practice, her insistence on human autonomy does not actually affect her analysis of the different facets of culture. As she herself writes, "Paradoxically the task of anthropological theory is to ignore what is peculiar to individuals and to attend to what is publicly shared and therefore accessible to sociological methods".

Her repeated pleas for taking account of human intentions become a little tiresome. In general, the more non-scientific subject aspires to rigour, the more obsessed it becomes with method — which social scientists, including Mary Douglas, call "methodology" in order to make it sound more grandiose — and the less emphasis it puts on substantive findings. Thus, her essay on the sociology of religion tells us little not already known and ends with the lame conclusion that she is putting forward "a programme for our times, both methodologically sophisticated and phenomenologically in its assumptions". She argues that the religious beliefs chosen by a society validate its actions and may help to alleviate the guilt of those who transgress its mores. Thus, and kin is a paramount virtue, believe in the existence of a Destiny present in everyone before birth. Anyone who does not show his father due respect is thought to have had a bad Destiny and hence is partially relieved of blame. When Mary Douglas applies the same kind of reasoning to her home it becomes less plausible. She argues, for example, that Western society invented the concept of IQ "to justify our procedures of exclusion or promotion". But such tests are not used to justify some other procedure; they are used because they have predictive power and they have little resemblance to the role played by belief in God or in Destiny.

A second theme that appears in many of her articles is that all consumption has a social purpose. In discussing poverty in the Western world, she rightly rejects the idea that it depends merely on people having too little money to provide nourishment and accommodation adequate for their physical health. She also dismisses the idea that poverty is relative, since this fails to define the condition and implies that people feel poor merely because they see others as richer than themselves. Her own thesis, is that

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Interactive intentions

Stuart Sutherland

since the proof of the pudding is in the eating, she fails to make explicit what it is that this "food system" communicates. She argues that the fact that the pattern of meals forms a single recognizable system explains the conservatism of the eating habits of the working classes, a claim that seems to put the tart before the main course. Curiously she does not make the point that if the formal meal symbolizes anything it is care for the family. The formal meal (particularly A) serves to bring the whole family together as a unit, though she does not reveal whether in the families that were observed, the children were forbidden to leave the table until the meal had ended. She believes that only by studying the structure of a given food system and its social significances will it be possible to bring about changes of nutritional benefit. She may well be right, but she does not adduce any instances where this has occurred. Instead she maintains that the reason why powdered potatoes have not replaced normal potatoes is that they do not fill the same role in the structure of a dinner: she might have added that they are extremely nasty.

The set-piece of the book is a lengthy essay on cultural bias, which offers a new "methodology" for analysing culture and the place of individuals within a particular culture. Mary Douglas suggests that cultures should be classified on two axes. The first is the extent to which the individual is dependent on the group to which he belongs. In a strong group, for example a commune, the group determines much of what the individual does and he may interact almost exclusively with members of the group. In a weak one, the individual is free to make his own decisions and in interaction with whomsoever he chooses. For the second dimension of classification, Mary Douglas uses the term "form". In a strong diet, the instructions of individuals with one another are regulated by the rules of the society. People are segregated by rank or status and accordingly they adopt different styles of clothing, food and housing. Different roles may be ascribed to men and women.

Mary Douglas attempts to predict how cultures at the four extremes of this two-way classification will behave. In the low-group low-grid community people are constrained neither by group nor grid and there will be extreme competition amongst individuals: each will judge others by the extent to which they are useful to himself. The entrepreneur is typical of such a culture. As so often, some of Mary Douglas's asides are more interesting than her main theme. Thus, she points out that if trade goes badly for some individuals in the low-group low-grid society, they may press for rules to govern trade and hence move towards a higher grid-point. Similarly the formation of price-carters represents a move towards stronger group influence. People in the low-group high-grid culture will be heavily constrained by their allotted station. The rules governing their lives are often made by others. This is the culture of the Victorian kitchen-maid. In the strong-group weak-grid society, such as a commune, there is likely to be conflict between individuals since in the absence of grid rules there is no easy way of resolving disputes. Finally, conditions in a high-group high-grid culture permit the formation of long-lasting stable groups, like the old-established family firm which supports its weaker male members and compels its women to ally themselves in marriage to men who will be useful.

Mary Douglas assigns a cluster of about ten characteristics to each of the four possible combinations of group and grid strength. Unfortunately, she provides no empirical evidence to show that the characteristics in each cluster are in fact found together. Instead, she goes on to apply her analysis with varying degrees of plausibility to a number of different areas of life, including attitudes to nature, intelligence, civility, medicine, form, the past, death, physical handicap and punishment. She maintains, for example, that the strong-group low-grid cultures will have clearly demarcated spatial boundaries not merely for the group as a whole but for individual houses, and within the houses for "bed, lavatories and

Stephen Brook

CAROL ADAMS

Ordinary Lives: A Hundred Years Ago

228pp. Virago. £4.50.
0 86068 239 0

Ordinary Lives purports to be a source book, intended primarily for school and university students, of material relating to late Victorian social history. There is, however, a polemical drive behind the book since Carol Adams (author of *The Gender Trap*) is principally concerned to show the changing, and unchanging, position of women in British society.

By an adroit combination of quotation, commentary, statistics, and illustration, Ms Adams gives a vivid and often stark picture of what it was like to be alive a hundred years ago. Although some of the chapters are sketchy and ragged, in particular those on growing up and education,

others present a lucid portrait of such issues as sex, health, and recreation, as they concerned people of all classes and both sexes. She is at pains to stress the vast gap between rich and poor, and one of the book's strengths is that everything is given its price. She not only provides tables setting out rates of pay, but also examples of how much it cost to make basic purchases — not just food and furniture, but such items as contraceptives, medical services, holidays, and bicycles. She shows that growing national prosperity and technological progress had little impact on working-class lives, since their benefits were beyond the reach of all but the middle and upper classes.

But although Ms Adams is much concerned with change, she says little about how and why change occurred. The national and political economy is scarcely referred to, and this means that much of the information floats in a historical vacuum. Each chapter ends with a list of questions for classroom use but it seems impossible to give satisfactory answers on the basis of the snippets from which this book is constructed.

Most of the questions require the students to make comparisons between social life in Victorian times and their own lives today. A sensible exercise, but the questions are tendentious, expressing the theme that for women, principally, the hardships, inequalities and stresses of the past are still present, in however different a form, in contemporary life. "From your own experience, runs one of the questions, 'and from that of families you know, do you think housework is more equally shared by men and women today than it was a hundred years ago? Do you think it should be shared, and if so, how?' These are contemporary societal issues masquerading as questions requiring a historical knowledge which, in any event, this book only thinly provides.

Although most of the material is drawn from a variety of identified sources, including Charles Booth, Flora Thompson, Marie Stopes, and collections of oral history — Ms Adams also quotes anonymously the foolish sayings of a "famous lawyer", a "leading judge", and certain doctors. No attempt is made to show to what extent the inanities mouthed by prominent citizens were fair reflections of widely held beliefs. Let me give a final example of the book's intellectual coarseness. The author writes: "Courts tried to control all aspects of their women's lives. There were laws for them in child care, a lodging house for single girls, and an Abolitionist Society, which however allowed no drink or music." It is surely true that such paternalism is inextricably linked to social control, but would Ms Adams have viewed Courtauld more kindly had they failed to provide classes in child care? Isn't the law a little more complex than suggested?

Charles Boyle

Crossing the Line

As you ayan become accustomed to darkness you see the slow, inevitable seepage through the badly caulked hull, a rat scurrying for safety among the massive trunks with their rusted locks and bleached addresses.

None of this might have been so bad at all had the bells pealed just an hour earlier, calling you on deck to take your watch among the razzmatazz of the unsavory crew, whose lives will never be the same again.

Charles Boyle

The novelist as politician . . .

Rosemary Ashton

GRAHAM MCMASTER

Seal and Society
253pp. Cambridge University Press.
£19.50.
0 521 23769 6

This is an uneasy book on a difficult subject. Much of Graham McMaster's argument proceeds by means of "correcting" current critical opinion of Scott. Thus he begins with the influential criticisms of Daiches and Lukács, who see an essential dualism in Scott, that of the bigoted Tory landowner and the sympathetic, even "reforming", social novelist. McMaster objects:

the theory of "Scott's dualism" seems very unconvincing also in the sort of model of humenly it proposes. Large parts of creative writing may spring from "the unconscious", but they must surely be assisted by – or not hindered by, at least – the conscious, organising mind; there must be a free flow of information between the active, social individual and the creative urist.

He proposes the alternative view that Scott's politics "had more animity and centrality than they have usually been given credit for". But this is problematic. "Sanity" and "centrality" are unclear terms in this context. If political middle-of-the-roadism is meant, neither the evidence which McMaster brings from Scott's novels nor that adduced from the letters and journalism proves the case. If McMaster has something more abstract in mind – general philosophical reasonableness, for example – the case is once more difficult to prove, and McMaster certainly does not prove it. Indeed, he repudiates the letter Scott wrote to the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal* in September 1820, recanting a Ballantyne's editorial criticism of the magistrates' handling of Peterloo. But he relegates it to an appendix, denying himself the opportunity to analyse Scott's so-called "reasonable" abstract rhetoric, though he does note in passing that the rhetoric expresses "fantasies about atheist denigations engaged in awful plots to subvert the

entire noble fabric of the constitution". When facing actual examples of Scott's political and social views, McMaster can be no more than ineffectively positive:

As a politician, Scott was well-informed, consistent and sincere, even technically competent. I find much to admire in his courage in sticking to his faith in something as mundane and unspectacular as an income tax.

Indeed, he sometimes seems much closer to the Lukács view of Scott's dualism than he claims to be, as when he writes, of Scott on Peterloo:

He is anxious et al costs to justify the actions of the magistrates and condemn those of the populace (how unlike the author of *Guy Riddinger* and *The Heart of Midlothian*) and to play down accounts of fatalities. There is nothing of Scott's customary prosaic attention to detail, especially of the economic background of discontent.

Where this book excels is in McMaster's intelligent handling of Scottish local history and the juxtaposing of contemporary reports on society in the Highlands and the Borders with Scott's portraits of these societies in the novels. A good example is his placing side by side quotations from J. Robertson's *General View of the Agriculture of Inverness* (1808), D. Stewart of Garth's *Sketches of the Character, Manners and Present State of the Highlands of Scotland* (1825), and Scott's *Culloden Papers* on the question of the supplanting of economically "useless" Highlanders by the rearing of sheep and cattle. "Romantic" sentiment and shrewd expediency combine in Scott and in other social observers, as McMaster shows:

Many others, of whom Scott was one, however much they believed in individualism and progress, found it hard to acquiesce in the dismissal of the clansmen as mere caterpillars of the commonwealth. This is why so much stress came to be placed on their martial spirit, for here was one area in which they were invariably useful.

"Does the state owe no paternal regard to these men? Is it not a debt of gratitude due by their country to cherish them? Is it not the soundest policy to nurse and rear that race of

people? Are all our wars at an end?" [Robertson]

"... [it cannot be] for the welfare of any state to deteriorate the character of, or wholly to extirpate, a brave, loyal and moral people – its best support in war." [Stewart]

"If the hour of need should come – and it may not perhaps be far distant – the pibroch will remain unanswered." [Scott]

Undoubtedly a public relations exercise whose unwitting clients were the clansmen was just as much the reason of *the* martial scenes in some of the Waverley novels as Scott's predilection for military fun and games.

McMaster also brings out interesting connections between Scott's representation of exceptional rural societies, such as that of the Zelanders in *The Firmie* and Wordsworth's portrayal of the Lake society in *Lyrical Ballads* and *The Prelude*.

On the novels themselves, McMaster is generally less convincing. This is partly the result of certain problems of method. First there is the question of readership and the knowledge the author may assume his readers to have. Scott presents a particular problem, since his position has changed from that of the much-read "Great Unknown" of his own time to that of the well-known "Great Unread" of ours. McMaster over-optimistically assumes that his readers

are acquainted with all the novels. Second, and probably related to this assumption, there is the peculiar structure of the book. It begins with a detailed account of two novels, *Waverley* and *Redgauntlet*, with the aim of showing how different they are from each other, and, further, claiming that the "journey" from one to the other "is the subject of the remainder of this book". Two problems arise here: in contrasting the two works, McMaster anticipates arguments not developed until later in the book; and he commits himself to seeing a steady progress in Scott's art from the first to the last novels. Yet when he comes to the later novels, he can no longer honestly suggest that they represent such an advance. Though he claims that Scott's "distinction as an artist is as creator of myths, romances and symbols", he can be no more than lukewarm about Scott's artistic achievement in some of the novels which most deal in myth, romance and symbol.

Finally, his critical stance is an awkward compromise between a traditional "intentionalism" and the modern search for "significant structures", regardless of probable or presumed authorial intention. There are some brave, even dogmatic assertions of his viewpoint:

My opinion about *Redgauntlet* was that as the Jacobite scenes were relatively dull and perfunctory, the novel cannot really have been about Jacobitism, whatever Scott's

intention. The test was really a critical intuition: where the novel seemed to be most alive, it was dead; that the meaning had to be not nowhere else.

Whenever metaphor *feigns* metonymy as the principal mode of the novel, this is the place to try to find its real significance.

In practice, however, he moves uneasily between respectfully taking into account what he assumes to be Scott's intentions and finding the novels "significant" without regard to these presumed intentions. Thus in dealing with *Ann of Geleyn* he writes:

Scott's writing habits are responsible for making *Ann* look more like a novel really concerned with the politics of the past than it is. As *Woodstock* and *Peveril*, he is unable to keep out certain preoccupations that are at best secondary.

Presumably Scott's "preoccupations" were – for Scott at least – of primary rather than secondary importance.

This cannot have been an easy book to write. Scott presents insuperable difficulties to the critic, particularly the critic who hopes, as McMaster does, to make a case for artistic progress in Scott's career. Nevertheless, this is a book to interest and enlighten the reader here, particularly in the chapters dealing with Scottish Enlightenment social thought and local history.

. . . and as historian

Claire Lamont

PAUL HENDERSON SCOTT

Walter Scott and Scotland
299pp. Edinburgh: Blackwood. £5.95.
0 85158 143 9

JAMES ANDERSON

Sir Walter Scott and History
200pp. Edinburgh: Edina Press.
£5.75.
0 905695 12 7

Here are two books on subjects perennially interesting to students of Scott: Scott and Scotland, and Scott and history. Both are labours of love, apparently long meditated by authors nurtured in Edinburgh. Piety to the city and its most famous literary son is, in the event, all that they have in common.

Anyone taking Paul Henderson Scott's title, *Walter Scott and Scotland*, cannot fail to be aware of his predecessor, Edwin Muir, whose *Scott and Scotland* came out in 1936. Muir's book was a response to an invitation to write on Scott and Scotland; but in doing so he was deflected to the subject indicated by his subtitle: "The Predicament of the Scottish Writer". It was here that Muir made his famous diagnosis that "Scottism feel in one language and think in another", the dangerous consequence that "when emotion and thought are separated, emotion becomes irresponsible and thought an important place in the examination of Scottish writers ever since; but it has not been agreed how far it illuminates the case of Walter Scott. Paul Scott aims to take up this argument, and also to consider the nominal subject of Muir's book.

He starts with a pleasant survey of what Walter Scott owed to his birth and upbringing in Scotland. He examines Scott's border inheritance, the Roman *severitas* of his education at the High School in Edinburgh (a school which the author, too, attended) and the influence of Enlightenment thinkers at Edinburgh University. The climax of the book is a chapter which considers Scott's attitude to the Union of the parliaments of Scotland and England in 1707. This last has been a contentious issue in recent years. References to Scotland, and to the national status of Scotland, affect the national status of Scotland, and occur throughout Scott's work, often in non-fiction, public and intimate, early and late. These have given rise to differing verdicts; that Scott approved

of the Union and devoted his writing to cementing it; that he disapproved of it and acquiesced only through unwillingness to see war break out again across the Border; that he regarded it as an unalterable fact and sought in his writing to check the consequent erosion of the Scottish identity. Paul Scott's views lean towards the last two of these.

James Anderson's book is also Scott and history, both what Scott and what he wrote. The main part of the book traces the specific historical sources on which Scott drew in writing his novels. These chapters have already appeared in print, in various articles in *Studies in Scottish Literature* in 1966-68. They are strong on the Jacobite sources and, especially, those for the Covenanting period which Scott used in *Old Mortality* and *The Heart of Midlothian*. This work will be useful to anyone interested in Scott's sources; but it must be borne in mind that it traces only written historical sources, and that many of the most important sources are oral narrative, anecdote and personal experience, as well as in literature. It is not strictly historical. There is a useful appendix listing Anderson's Scott's works, where one may find historical material, for instance, to which Scott refers, for instance, to Buchan, Camden or Clarendon.

When it comes to the writing of history Anderson points out that Scott contributed both as an editor and a narrative historian. His most famous work is the thirteen-volume *Scott's Tales of the Border*, but many other works – *Scott's Papers*, *Scott's Letters* and *Scott's Works* – have been made accessible through his editorial work. Scott was no textual scholar (or even, in Anderson's view, his highest standards of his age), but, like Dr Johnson, he excelled as a writer and commentator. Among Scott's historical writing Anderson has particular admiration for *Tales of the Grandfather*, "perhaps the most successful history book ever written", and the source of that it is remembered about Scottish history. What other work, *Scott's Papers* in the 1920s to produce a current strip on the Regent Mary?

Dr Anderson does not write of history. In any language, the sense. He means by history the past, and those writings which bear witness to it. If they are full of illuminating facts and anecdotes, he says, they are history. He is aware of fighting a rear-guard action for him "the past history is the old-fashioned chronicle, where the facts are correct", and the books he writes of *Tales of the Grandfather* are buoyant profusion of historical facts and traditional narrative, full of local colour and compassion. His book is for those who know a good deal about history already and are willing to read it in this spirit.

economic and social context of the poorer country, and in both cases London government had to be laid down.

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Giving 'Paradise Lost' to the peasants

Henry Gifford

M. P. ALEKSEYEV, V. V. ZAKHAROV, B. B. TOMASHEVSKY (Editors)

Angliyskaya poeziya v russkikh perevodakh XIV-XIX veka. English Verse in Russian Translation: 14th-19th Centuries
666pp. Moscow: Progress Publishers.
3 rubles.

This rather handsome anthology contains 144 poems, the English (or Scottish) text facing a Russian verse translation. There are also a few alternative versions in the notes. The translators include distinguished poets – Pushkin for example, whose adaptation of "The Two Corbises" is as fine as the original. Lermontov (from Byron), Tsvetayeva (a ballad of Robin Hood), Pasternak. Others must be reckoned specialists in the craft, like the omniscient Mar-shak, represented here by versions of a Scottish ballad, seven sonnets of Shakespeare and two of Milton, and poems by Waller, Blake, Burns, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Browning and Stevenson. Many of the translations are modern, but for the earlier poets there are some durable versions from the past. Included is one of the most famous ever made in Russia – Gray's *Elegy* in the 1802 rendering by Zhukovsky, fluent but not exact enough for his taste many years later when he turned the poem into hexameters. He also contributes a translation of Dryden's exuberant ode, "Alexander's Feast", its brio a little diminished. Batiushkov, like Zhukovsky an older contemporary and an earlier master of Pushkin, touches with his own grace the lines from *Childe Harold*, "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods."

The late M. P. Alekseyev (regrettably all three editors who had prepared this anthology are no longer alive) wrote for it a highly informative Afterword of more than seventy pages in which he chronicles the slow advance of English poetry in eighteenth-century Russia. Until the last decade or so there had been little recourse by translators to English poetry in the original. Russian readers were enthusiastic about Shakespeare and more recent poets like Gey of the *Fables*, Young (*whose Night Thoughts* had an immense vogue) and Gray. But all these made their appeal by way of French, or later German, prose paraphrase. When translation proper began in the 1790s and 1800s with Karamzin, Gnedich and above all Zhukovsky, it was still the Augustan and neo-Romantic who filled the picture. Then came Scott, Byron (heavily represented in this anthology), and even the less exportable Wordsworth. Keats's "We Are Seven" of 1833 is a straight-faced version of about the same quality as the original.

There was another burst of translating, a hundred years after the first, when the Symbolists appeared. Bal-mont brought Shelley on the scene, and Bryusov introduced poetry from many literatures ancient and modern. His example did much to shape the procedure of twentieth-century translators in Russia, as Pound has with us, though not in the same way: Bryusov's bent was all towards the conservation of form and the simplifying of sense. In the Soviet era almost the entire range of English poetry has been opened up. Even the metaphysicals are on the horizon. This anthology includes three of Donne's *Songs and Sonnets* (two in apt versions by one of its editors, Boris Tomashevsky, the eminent Pushkin scholar), and George Herbert's "Vermilion" agreeably phrased by I. A. Likhachov. The reader must not flinch from two versions of the "Jabberwocky" (a starting precursor of Russian "trans-sense" writing to the Futurist hey-day). Likhachov boldly attempts "The Leaden Echo" by Hopkins, which is less muffled in translation than one might have expected.

The Russian reader will be fortified by this volume in his appreciation of English verse. Everywhere he will find honest, often accomplished, work, and sometimes a poem which seems equal in power to its original. Two of these are by Pasternak: Keats's ode "To Autumn" (even though it starts with the line, "Season of fruitfulness and mists"), and "Sir Walter Raleigh to his Sonne" – how beautifully he renders the "three things" that cannot meet without mischief, "the wood, the weede, the wagg", by *rashchin, porosi, podros-ki*. The words are appropriate, and it is not only alliteration and assonance that bind them but their common derivations from a stem meaning "growth".

Not all the successes have fallen to major poets. Likhachov does felicitously with two other odes by Keats: he achieves a severe perfection in the last stanza of "Melancholy". There is great pleasure in noting how Yu. D. Levin has caught the very tone and rhythm of Crabbe in "Peter Grimes" – a reading that shows the inwardness of imaginative scholarship.

M. L. Lozinsky's adherence to the movement and syntax of "To be or not to be" and "O! that this too too solid flesh" is unflattering. This exemplifies the Russian method at its surest, aided of course by the absence of rhyme. The method breaks down, however, even in the capable

hands of Marshak, when he tries Wordsworth's heavy poem, "A slumber did my spirit seal". What he gives is a fair précis in matching form, but the strange interpenetration of meanings in the poem has vanished. He is recorded in the brief notes on translators as having aimed always to "clarify" the poems he handled. This is in the spirit of Bryusov, that undercover agent of rationalism among the Symbolists. Pushkin of course has his own high clarity, but there is more in his limpid verse than shows on the surface.

The anthology may be criticized in some respects. It has let in too many mediocre poems (by Southey, Campbell, Scott, Moore, and the like). They make an easy passage in translation, with the exchange into too favourable. The selection from the nineteenth century shows a bias towards agitational work, not always very distinguished. Undeniably, in their youth at least, many of our poets since Blake have written sometimes in this vein. The English reader may have overlooked the tendency, though he will not have forgotten Hood's "Song of the Shirl", for instance, vigorously present in the book. We need not grudge the appearance of Ernest Jones and W. J. Linton (Quiller-Couch found room for a poem by each in his *Oxford Book of*

Victorian Verse). And perhaps "The Old Chartist" by Meredith deserves its place: in the Russian the jauntness is less grating. However, it seems faintly comic that the sole exhibit from Tompkinson should be the genetically erotic "Godiva", because she "took the tax away" imposed by "that grim Earl", her husband.

More seriously, the view of English poetry over the centuries offered by these translations is to some degree out of focus. There are too many fleeting appearances by poets who matter (Johnson in one slight lyric, Marvell represented solely by "The Definition of Love", none of Dryden's satire or Pope's, though for the latter we have a glimpse of *Windsor Forest* and "The Dying Christian to his Soul"). There are striking absences: nothing from *Piers Plowman* is to be found, though there are several ballads and two excerpts from the Prologue to *The Canterbury Tales*; missing are Dunbar, Henry Vaughan, Samuel Johnson, Wordsworth of *The Prelude*. "The Leaden Echo" will hardly suffice for Hopkins. And it is disappointing to see our poetry dwindle down from Swinburne (overpraised in the notes for his virtuosity) to Stevenson and Wilde, when Hardy, Kipling and Yeats were available.

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Poetry still enjoys a very large audience in Russia. Any living translation has a chance of being lodged in the popular mind. This anthology contains much that is valuable. The first imprint was of 125,000 copies. That should ensure a wider hearing for English poetry, with all the aids to comprehension that a scholarly book like this provides.

Alekseyev concludes his survey by affirming the belief that poetry can speak "the universal language of truth, goodness and beauty". He is able to show how in various ways our poetry has gone deep into Russian popular consciousness. The first example comes from Maurice Baring who reported in 1910 that "*Paradise Lost* translated into simple prose [books 1-11] by Petrov in 1771, is sold in cheap editions, with coloured pictures, all over Russia, and greedily read by the peasants . . . as a tale of fantastic adventure and miraculous events". Again, in Soviet times, field women in Siberia could be heard whispering what was recognizable as Ophelia's song in the version by Pushkin's contemporary Plevov. Finally, Byron's farewell to his country in *Childe Harold* ("Adieu, adieu my native shore / Fades o'er the waters blue") had taken new form in the Volga as a lament for lost homeland and freedom.

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Life on the Lenin Hills

Archie Brown

ANDREA LEE

Russian Journal
239pp. Faber. £8.95.
0 571 11904 2

Hundreds of Western undergraduates, graduate students and young lecturers have, over the past two decades and more, lived for an academic year in one of the residential wings of the grandiose Moscow University building on the Lenin Hills. A majority of them have been graduate students pursuing research in Russia and attending a Soviet university under an exchange agreement whereby Soviet students of equivalent status come to the United States, Canada, Britain or another West European country.

Most of these Western scholars do not write so much as an article, still less a book, specifically on their experiences of life in the Soviet Union, though every now and then they wince at the wild generalizations (whether from a standpoint sympathetic to, or highly critical of, the Soviet Union) of those who have made brief tourist trips to Moscow or Leningrad and have been unable to resist the temptation to publish their accounts. The reasons why those who stay longer often write less – at least in the genre of memoirs – are numerous. Some of these Western scholars have been so bored and disgruntled that they would, in turn, bore their readers. But for others, it was rather that the longer they stayed

the more complex the society seemed to be, the more difficult it became to sort out deeply held but superficially held beliefs and to make judgments about the representativeness, significance or idiosyncrasy of different strands of opinion. And probably a still more important constraint was an unwillingness to risk abusing friendships by making public what was said in private.

If individuals who visit the Soviet Union as students or academics can satisfy themselves that these are surmountable obstacles, then they have an advantage not only over the average tourist but over the entire diplomatic corps, for the latter interact mainly with each other and receive as little encouragement from their own embassies as from the Soviet authorities to mix freely with Russians.

Not all exchange students or their spouses, however, acquire as wide a range of Russian friends and acquaintances or write so well and perceptively as Andrea Lee, a young, black American Harvard graduate who accompanied her husband – who was doing research on Russian history – to Moscow University in the late 1970s. The sample of people whose me me was not, of course, a representative one; it scarcely ever is even within one's own society. Often, Western academics who spend a lengthy period in the Soviet Union meet people of a wider diversity of views and from a wider variety of social milieux than they would in their own country – and more various also than the circle of the average Russian intellectual who, not

surprisingly, tends to choose his friends from among like-minded people.

Showing the catholicity of taste of one who wishes to understand as many different aspects as possible, of the society in which she finds herself, Andrea Lee establishes cordial relations with avant-garde artists, with "underground" writers, with a typical Russian student, with a private businesswoman "dealing mainly in jeans", with Komsomol activists, with Soviet hippies, with Jews about to emigrate, and (more unusually) with the occasional manual worker. She and her husband were also the guests of two Soviet celebrities and pillars of the establishment, Tikhon Khrennikov and Victor Louis.

Perhaps not surprisingly, the Russians she met tended overwhelmingly to be Westerners rather than Slavophiles, but it is a resultant weakness of the book that too many of those who occupy its pages are obsessed with the United States and even want to live there. The unruly reader might be led to underestimate the growing strength of Russian national feeling and to reach the mistaken conclusion that half the population of Moscow would promptly forsake Gorky Park for Central Park should the frontiers be opened.

But provided readers take account of Andrea Lee's own disclaimer – that the entries in her journal "are like a set of photographs taken by an amateur who is drawn to his subjects by instinct and capricious inclination" – the book can be read with profit and pleasure. Sometimes, though, amateurishness does show through, and there are oddities of judgment. The impression is conveyed that Siberia is populated mainly by Asians, while "ritzy" seems rather an exaggeration as a description of the "Moscow neighbourhood off Kutuzovskiy Prospekt".

The translation of many Russian words, but little relation to any transliteration scheme over devised, and no old woman is allowed to appear in the book without the overworked Russian word *babushka* (grandmother) being used to designate her. Sometimes the book is more revealing of American than of Russian customs. Thus: "Food requires forethought in the Soviet Union; one must stand in a cafeteria line for it, or prepare it from the absolutely raw ingredients" (my italics).

Yet middle-aged and young Moscow hands alike will find much here which does accord with their own experiences. Student life-style in Moscow University in some respects at least, seems to have changed little from the 1960s to the 1970s. As one of the earlier of these two decades, I was

interested to learn that empty vodka, wine or beer bottles still hit the ground every five or ten minutes on a summer evening (from a height of anything from five to twenty-five stores) as students dispose of them in the least time-consuming way.

If the bottle-throwing is "unpleasant", Andrea Lee does not fail to draw attention to the respect in which Soviet society may reasonably be regarded as more "cultured" than the United States or, for that matter, most Western European societies. She notes that "ordinary people show a passion for art and literature which might be suspect as a pose in America". She also comments on the "strange" fact that so many natural scientists in the Soviet Union are "passionately devoted to the arts". The latter phenomenon is not really so strange. It is a compound of a cultural tradition which has been transmitted from one generation to another in spite of changes of, and within, a régime and of a response to specific features of the Soviet system. So far as the latter are concerned, the constraints upon intellectual freedom which affect those working in the arts lead people who might well prefer to work in the humanities if they were living in the United States or Western Europe to turn to science and engineers instead. In these disciplines they can exercise their intellects to the full and they do not need to engage in self-censorship in the course of their work. In their non-working time they remain free to read creative literature and to discuss it without inhibitions among their friends. The system itself makes available, and helps to instil a love for, many of the Russian classics and the very dearliness of some of the "mass culture" alternatives strengthens devotion to serious literature.

It is well known that the spectator generally sees more of the game than the players. As in the case of others who have looked at Russia through Western eyes, Andrea Lee may know much less in detail about particular aspects of Russian life than those who have been born and brought up in Russia, but – taking full advantage of one of the privileges of a foreigner with academic status in the Soviet Union – she enters a variety of milieux, some of which would be regarded as mutually incompatible by a native and it should be added, by less adventurous and more conventional foreigners. It is still far from being a full picture, but Andrea Lee's intellectual curiosity and her individuality as a writer are sufficiently notable to make this one of the more illuminating portraits of contemporary Russia to be produced by a foreigner who has experienced some of the joys and frustrations of living there.

Genius demoted

Imre Salusinszky

JEROME CHRISTENSEN

Coleridge's Blessed Machine of Language
276pp. Cornell University Press. £12.25.
0 8014 1405 9

Coleridge, in this deconstructive and de-idealizing study of his prose, is seen less as author than as victim: the victim of an accused machine of writing that "floats on figures" and undermines his search for stabilizing origins and unities.

Jerome Christensen's aim is not "to reproduce what Coleridge thought", but to "produce the way Coleridge wrote". A good example is his treatment of *Biographia*'s discussion of the "original poetic genius" of Wordsworth, where the "genius" in which Coleridge would hinge so much of his argument turns out to be neither original, nor Wordsworth's. In Chapter Four, Coleridge describes the profound effect upon him of Wordsworth's recitation of a manuscript poem. But he soon intrudes his own genius, when the description suddenly becomes a long quotation from, and advertisement for, *The Friend*. The quotation, on poetic genius, cites Burns and Milton, both of whom influenced Wordsworth. But they serve here to draw attention to "the split within Wordsworth", since they identify the poles of poetic diction between which he is torn. In Chapter Two, Coleridge's evidence for Shakespeare's genius includes the citation of Sonnet 81 "Your name from hence immortal life shall have", which, again, brings Coleridge's own

powers to the fore, because it is the *Biographin* that will immortalize Wordsworth.

Christensen does not argue that Coleridge is promoting his own claims, while consciously and subtly deprecating Wordsworth's. Rather, he holds that no genius is instanced or established in *Biographia*, and no general theory of mind can be rested upon it. The quality of genius, according to *Biographin* and *The Friend*, is its ability to awaken "that freshness of sensation which is the constant accompaniment of mental, no less than of bodily, convalescence". Christensen shows the similarity between this and the language used to describe the effects of laudanum, in Coleridge's letters. Like the anodyne, genius is a figure which "includes within its fold, as part of its pleasure, the marks of its transience".

In this important, because up-to-date, book, Christensen holds that "Rending Coleridge means questioning mmanicism". A lot of space is given to questioning Coleridge's claim to have overthrown Hartleian "association". Deconstruction may well prove to be Hurley's revenge on Coleridge, since the associationist philosophy does resemble the "indeterminacy" (Christensen's phrase) propounded by Derrida, the main influence on this book. But Derrida is a philosopher of language, and the romantic argument (a better word here than the ubiquitous "discourse") resists a linguistic reduction, as it resists a supernatural one. Always prior to language, and forming it, is the drive, at once erotic and morbid, called Imagination. The erotic who demotes it, for all his rightness, risks a failure of critical tact, and a falling-out with his subject.

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